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# THE STORY OF A GREAT BIOGRAPHY.

In the year 1881 Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps issued a small octavo volume of not quite two hundred pages entitled, *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.** But a limited number of copies was printed, and these were designed "for presents only." Its object — to use the words of the author — was "to construct in plain and unobtrusive language, a sketch of Shakespeare's personal history strictly out of evidences," and in order that the book might be a pure recital of fact — and it was this that distinguished it from all previous attempts on the subject — "all gratuitous assumptions will be rigidly excluded, and no conjectures admitted that are not practically removed out of that category by being in themselves reasonable explanations of concurrent facts." On this basis, and there is nothing stranger than that such a plan had not been carried into execution long before, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps sketched the life of William Shakespeare in the briefest and exactest manner, with the hope of eliciting the opinions of his literary friends and correspondents on his novel treatment of the subject before expanding it into a larger volume.

A life-time of study rendered the author peculiarly fitted to his task. As early as 1848 he had issued a *Life of William Shakespeare*,* which he based upon a number of documents not before printed, and which was the first Life of Shakespeare based exclusively upon positive data. All previous Lives — and not a few subsequent ones — were more or less fanciful and picturesque, but Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps introduced a new method into this particular branch of Shakespeare research, and to-day no biography of Shakespeare is to be commended that does not follow, more or less closely, the lines laid down by him nearly forty years ago. This Life was afterwards reproduced by him in his monumental Folio edition of 1853.

Twenty-one years later, in 1874, he published another work on Shakespeare's biography entitled *Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare.*†

The book was, in many respects, a very remarkable one. The author had hoped to begin printing it as early as the autumn of 1872,

* *The Life of William Shakespeare.* Including many particulars respecting the poet and his family never before published. By James Orchard Halliwell. London: John Russell Smith, 1848.

† *Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare.* Part the First. London; Longmans, Green & Co., 1874.

but in October of that year he had not begun work on it. In the following spring it was under way, and in July, the paper, which would require three months for manufacture, was ordered, but it was not until January, 1874, that it really began to go to press.* Finally, it appeared late in the year. It was published by Longmans, Green & Co. in the usual way, not by subscription, the author feeling "too old to encounter the fatigue attending another large subscription work." His subsequent labors, however, showed how completely he underestimated his own powers of activity. The First Part only was issued, and it will never be continued. Two hundred and fifty copies were printed, and of these only about one hundred and fifty were offered for sale, the remainder being reserved as presents for friends and for libraries. The price was fixed at two pounds and two shillings, which did not, as Mr. Halliwell-Phillips himself remarks, barely cover one-twentieth the expenses.

The distinctive aim of the book was "a critical investigation into the truth or purport of every recorded incident in the personal and literary history of Shakespeare; but it is proposed to add notices of his surroundings; . . . of the members of his family; the persons with whom he associated; the books he used; the stage on which he acted; the estates he purchased; the houses and towns in which he resided and the country through which he travelled." Much of the material included in it was afterwards worked up in the later editions of the *Outlines* which comprised a number of important documents never before printed. Some of the matter here placed in the body of the work was transferred to the Appendix in the *Outlines*. This was noticeably the case with the history of the Theatre and the Curtain, the Mulberry Tree, and New Place. The Preface is reproduced almost entire in each of the five editions of the *Outlines*, and the Appendix also, in most part.

But the studies involved in the preparation of these volumes were not deemed by their author sufficient for his new work. In fact, since Mr. Hallowell-Phillipps first gave his attention to Shakespearian history, upwards of forty years ago, he has scarcely for a moment suspended his researches in Shakespeare's biography. Yet the investigations made in the interval elapsing between the appearance of the *Life* and the *Outlines* were wonderfully complete, and exhibited an attention to the minutest observable details never before attained by any biographer. One of the most remarkable illustrations of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's untiring energy in the search for Shakespearian information is to be found in his personal exhaustive examination of the records of the towns that might have been visited by Shakespeare in his provincial tours. No less than thirty-three are enumerated in the first

* These facts are derived from a series of letters from Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps to a well-known Shakespeare scholar of Philadelphia, between the dates April 30th, 1872, and October 10th, 1874.

edition of the *Outlines*:—Warwick, Bewdley, Dover, Banbury, Shrewsbury, Maidstone, Faversham, Southampton, Newport, Bridport, Weymouth, Lewes, Coventry, Bristol, Kingston-on-Thames, Lyme Regis, Dorchester, Canterbury, Sandwich, Queenborough, Ludlow, Stratford-on-Avon, Leominster, Folkestone, Winchelsea, New Romney, Barnstaple, Rye, York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leicester, Hythe and Cambridge. Thirteen additional ones—Oxford, Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Rochester, Guildford, Hastings, Gravesend, Eversham, Droitwich, Kidderminster and Campden—were examined between the appearance of the first edition, in April, 1881, and of the second, in April, 1882.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the excellence of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's invaluable collections of Shakespeariana beyond the bare reminder of their extent. No collection in England can compare with the multitude of books, papers, maps, drawings, manuscripts, relics of all kinds that would in the slightest manner illustrate any phase of Shakespeare's life, works and times, which he has gathered at the "quaint wigwam on the Sussex Downs." With such vast material at his command, and with his ability to reduce such a seemingly inchoate mass to order, it is not strange that Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's *Outlines* is to-day the most satisfactory and complete biography of Shakespeare in existence.

The first edition, as has been said, fell a few pages short of two hundred. Of these, less than half were devoted to the biography proper, the remaining pages—one hundred and fifteen in number—being devoted to the Preface and the Illustrative Notes. The latter comprised much valuable matter, illustrative and conjectural, which, while aiding the student to a fuller comprehension of the subject, was not immediately necessary in a personal sketch of the poet.

The second edition was printed within a year from the issuance of the first. Its appearance was very different from the earlier one. The one hundred and ninety-two pages were extended to no less than seven hundred and three; the sketch of the poet occupied nearly a hundred pages more than it had done before. The Illustrative Notes were not increased, but, in addition, a quantity of new matter was added that rendered the book the most complete and valuable one on the subject that had appeared up to that time.

In the text—in the Outlines proper—the new matter introduced is so great, and treats of such a variety of subjects, both general and in detail, as to forbid an enumeration of even its chief points. Nor is it necessary, for the second edition was the first one placed before the general public and the first, having had but a limited circulation, is never referred to in print. The later editions however, are constantly referred to, and a brief summary of their differences will not be without value.

The Appendix in the second edition is very voluminous; the subjects treated include "*The Two Noble Kinsmen*," "The Spurious Plays," "Early Notice of *Hamlet*," "Lord Pembroke's Actors," "The Coventry Mysteries," "The Theatre and Curtain," "Shakespeare's Neighbors," "The New Place," "The Chapel Lane," "The Mulberry Tree," "The Ratsey Episode," "The only Shake-scene," "The Later Theatres"—copies of documents which relate to the Blackfriars and Globe—"The Davenant Scandal"—a chronological arrangement of the various versions—"Contemporary notices"—of Shakespearian performances—"The Copyright Entries," "Life-Time Editions," "The First Folio," and, lastly, a bulky Documentary Appendix containing no less than fifty documents, deeds, mortgages, wills and legal papers, relating to Shakespeare and his family. The whole collection embraced, as will be inferred from this very swift glance at its contents, almost everything that would render the book complete in all the details of the subject.

The Preface of the third edition of the work is dated December, 1882, scarcely nine months having elapsed since the appearance of the second edition. Its size was much the same, the number of pages reaching seven hundred and thirty-six. Yet a number of changes had been made in the contents and in the arrangement of the appendices. The Outlines proper now occupy two hundred and forty-four pages, instead of one hundred and seventy-one as before. The Birth-Place itself is briefly sketched ;* Shakespeare's early destination as a butcher is discussed ;† considerable new matter is added concerning his marriage;‡ the inimitable performance of the celebrated Richard Tarlton, of the Queen's servants,§ and the popular taste for horrible tales‖ are all mentioned. Shakespeare's horticultural ventures and his knowledge of fruits and flowers are touched upon,** and his correspondence with Quiney is treated at length, occupying seven pages,†† while previously it had been dismissed in eleven lines. A brief notice of Sir W. Davenant is inserted,‡‡ and another of Elizabeth, Susanna Hall's daughter,§§ Shakespeare's famous drinking bout at Bidford is noted,‖‖ and, lastly, the conditions of the will are much more fully treated than before.*** In addition, a separate Chapter is added on "Records of Affection." The volume also contains a few illustrations and some facsimiles that had not appeared in the earlier edition. The views included two sketches of the Cellar of the Birth Place, and one of Stratford-on-Avon made in 1749; the facsimiles comprised a list of holders of corn in the Ward of Stratford-on-Avon in which New Place was situated, from the original manuscript return dated February, 1598, in which Shakespeare's name is introduced as the holder of ten quarters of corn, being the earliest notice of him in the capacity of a

* p. 34. † p. 58. ‡ pp. 64–67. § p. 85. ‖ p. 99 ** p. 119. †† p. 139. ‡‡ 188. §§ 191. ‖‖ 205. *** 221.

householder, and of the letter and its address of Richard Quiney to Shakespeare.

But the changes were most noticeable in the appendix. The Documentary Appendix is split into three parts, Domestic Records, Biographical Records, and Estate Records. The fifty documents cited in the second edition are reduced to thirty-six, but two new ones are added to the Biographical Records, making a total of only thirty-eight. The surpressed Documents were XXXVIII, XLV, and XLVII of the second edition. Documents II, III, VII–X, XII, XIV–XVII, XIX, XXVII, XXIX were placed under the head of Domestic Records; Documents I, IV–VI, XI, XIII, XVIII, XXI, XXVIII, XXX–XXXVII under Estate Records; and XLVI, XLVIII–L under Biographical Records, while XXII–XXVI were transferred to Theatrical Evidences. Greater conciseness and a much needed line of demarkation was obtained by this plan, and Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has adhered to it in his subsequent editions. The other subjects treated in the appendices remain much as they were in the earlier edition; a few of them were rewritten in part but the changes are unimportant. The will of John Davenant, of Oxford, is now included among the papers relating to the Davenant scandal and is the chief new matter in this portion of the book.

Two years passed before a new edition — the fourth — of this great biography appeared. The number of pages were diminished to four hundred and eighty, but they had been increased in size, and the appearance of the book was very different from its predecessors. But this is not all, for the volume is filled with illustrations, — reproductions of old prints, plans, and sketches — and a very large number of facsimile autographs and manuscripts.

The text is a very close reprint of that of the third edition, the changes made in it being even slighter than had been made in that of the second. What brief additional matter was added, consisted of a notice of Richard Shakespeare,* a paragraph on Shakespeare's occupation between his fourteenth and eighteenth years;† another on the plague in London;‡ several pages on Shakespeare's art;§ the entry in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber proving that Shakespeare had acted before Queen Elizabeth, is quoted in full for the first time in this series of books;‖ a paragraph is inserted on Shakespeare's provincialisms;** the sketch of the Globe Theatre is very much more complete than it was in either of the two earlier editions;†† and, lastly, the author calls attention to Shakespeare's domestic sympathies over his literary ones, as illustrated by his will.‡‡

The changes in the appendices were more numerous. The Estate Records are omitted altogether, as are two of the Domestic Records — XXVII and XXIX of Edition II, and six of the Theatrical Evi-

* p. 50. † p. 53. ‡ p. 86. § p. 93. ‖ p. 103. ** p. 119. †† p. 152. ‡‡ p. 213.

dences, chiefly legal documents. Shakespeare's will is now given a place by itself, instead of being included in the chapter on Records of Affection. The only addition to the later Theatres is a facsimile of those portions of the Lord Chamberlain's MSS.—in which Burbage mentions Shakespeare. Several new appendices are introduced, including one on "The Fool and the Ice." "*The Passionate Pilgrim*," "Shakespeare's Grave," and a very brief note on a freshly discovered fact in Shakespeare's ancestry.

It is the illustrations and facsimiles, however, which chiefly distinguishes this edition from its predecessors. Most of them had, indeed, appeared in the *Illustrations*, but the list includes a number that were not published in that costly volume.

In the following year, in April, 1885, the fifth edition of the *Outlines* was issued. Its shape was similar to the fourth edition, but it was much stouter. The text is almost an exact reprint of that of the fourth, the new matter—which does not, of course, include some slight verbal changes—being limited to two pages on Shakespeare's law-suit, as a partial owner of the Stratford tithes,* and a paragraph on the conveyance-deed of the Blackfriars estate.† The Appendix of the fourth edition is also reproduced with but few changes. The will of John Hall is inserted in the Domestic Records, and two new biographical notices, one from Heywood, and one from Rowe, are added. But while these changes have been insignificant, a number of new appendices have been added on "The Stratford Register," "The Rother Market"—with three illustrations;—"Plays at Court 2, James I;" "The Lineage of William Shakespeare until its extinction in the year 1670." A number of valuable "Notes on the Birth-Place," and some new illustrations of the Cellar are also given. Three appendices that appeared in the second edition, but were omitted from the others, are now given again. These are on "The Spurious Plays," "The Mulberry Tree," and "The First Folio." The appendix on Estate Records, which was omitted in the fourth edition, although it had appeared in the preceding ones, is also reproduced here together with a new document, "A Deed transferring the Legal Estate of the Blackfriars property, 10 February, 1617–8, in trust to follow the directions of Shakespeare's will, subject only to the remaining terms of a lease granted by the poet to one John Robinson," the original of which is preserved in Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's own library at Hollingsbury Copse. In an appendix entitled "Pecuniary Litigations," two documents—XXVII and XXIX—are reproduced from the second edition. The volume is very much richer in illustrations and facsimiles than any of its predecessors.

Such is the history of the growth and development of this wonderful biography of Shakespeare. It is a book so nearly perfect, so nearly

* p. 191–2. † p. 202.

faultless, that of it may be said that it contains no error, and that its facts are, as far as our present knowledge permits, the most reliable in print. If there is a single fault to be found with it, it is that it contains no Index, or rather, but one so brief as to do little more than indicate the general contents of the volume. This does not, however, detract from the merits of the book, which is to-day the most complete and trustworthy storehouse of Shakespearian biography and contemporary history that is accessible to most readers. It is a book that no student of Shakespeare can afford to be without, and though there are many documents in the Appendix that are very tiresome reading, the Outlines proper while devoid of rhetorical elaboration, can be read with much profit and enjoyment. The size of the book must not intimidate the would-be student, for he need not read it through, from title-page to index, to get at the main facts of Shakespeare's life. Indeed, one of the most remarkable and most commendable features of the book is that the author has given his authorities for his facts and his deductions in the Appendix, and has not left the advanced student to search through rare books or wish for inaccessible manuscripts to verify his statements.

It is doubtful if a life of Shakespeare will ever be written that will supplant Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's. All subsequent biographers must adopt his method, but no one can take greater care than he has done, nor be more accurate. Only some unexpected and valuable discovery can call for any material change in his work. In his *Outlines* he has given the best and latest fruits of a life-time devoted to Shakespearian research, and he has laid the students of Shakespeare under deep obligations to him for his admirable summary of widely separated and hitherto unascertained facts.

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## THE DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The fact, that "Drury Lane" has been known from time immemorial as the National Theatre seems to have given a section of the public a prescriptive right to interfere in its management, and even to dictate to its proprietors and lessees the bill of fare which they should provide for its gratification. This benevolent intervention has usually taken the form of a more or less imperious demand for the exclusive performance at all risks of what its patrons are pleased to designate the legitimate drama, and a vigorous attempt to declare the intrusion of all other classes of entertainment little less than the wanton desecration of a time-honoured shrine. It is difficult to define what is meant by this cry for the "legitimate." Some would

limit the application of the term strictly to Shakespeare; others, more liberally inclined, would extend it to any of the standard works of the old masters of the stage. The history of Drury Lane for the past century and a half is not altogether uninstructive. It may be briefly described as a perpetual struggle between the advocates of the legitimate and successive generations of managers who have always come sooner or later (often, alas! to their cost) to realise the truism which Mr. Irving aptly expressed when he said that the drama "must thrive as a business before it can flourish as an art." In a word, the standing conflict at Drury Lane has been between theatrical theory on the one hand, and theatrical practice on the other.

The annals of Drury Lane commence with the migration, in 1662, of Killigrew's Company, styling themselves the "King's Servants," from the neighbourhood of Clare Market to a building which occupied the site of the present house. Ten years later their theatre was burned to the ground. The event was considered little less than a public calamity, and vicars and curates throughout the country were employed in collecting by brief a national subscription for the relief of the sufferers. Sir Christopher Wren designed the new theatre, which was opened in 1674. As a rule, the managers never seemed to have prospered greatly. Rich, the apostle of pantomime, was forced to close his doors by order of the Lord Chamberlain; Cibber retired with only a modest competence; while Higmore and Fleetwood each lost a fortune. The glorious reign of David Garrick over the destinies of Drury Lane extends from 1747 to 1776. It is true that he revived Shakespeare and became wealthy, but he was far too able a man to immolate himself entirely on the altar of "the legitimate." It stands on record that he even gave the public the tight-rope dancers they wanted, and paid one of them at least, higher wages than the combined salaries of the rest of the company. In addition to this he produced many of his own plays, which were written to suit the taste of the time, filled successfully the triple *rôle* of author, actor, and manager, and enjoyed the inestimable privilege of composing his own criticisms. These were indeed palmy days for Drury Lane, and David Garrick, censured though he was by some of his contemporaries, left a magnificent legacy to his successor. It is important, however to remember that his exceptional managerial triumph was achieved in a comparatively small theatre, which proved wholly inadequate to the ambition of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who pulled it down and erected an enormous building on its site, which comprised every possible improvement, from a fireproof iron curtain to a tavern and private residence for the employés. In 1809 Sheridan's structure fell a victim to the flames, and the House of Commons considerately adjourned to see the sight and allow the unlucky director to complain to the bystanders that he was not permitted to warm himself at his own fireside. Out of Sheridan's calamity came the present theatre,

which was designed by Wyatt, and for which the patrons of the drama, with praiseworthy liberality, found more than a quarter of a million sterling, undeterred by the fact that the outstanding debts amounted to nearly twice as much.

Its inauguration was auspicious. Byron wrote a prologue for the opening night—an occasion which was afterwards immortalised by the appearance of the Rejected Addresses. The people came in thousands to admire the beautiful lines of the new building with its gorgeous decorations, and over £75,000 was taken in the course of some two hundred nights. Before the excitement had died away an unprecedented stroke of good fortune was in store for the shareholders. An unknown and hitherto unappreciated country actor entered the stage door one evening, with his wig-box in one hand and his properties in the other, to leave it at midnight as the famous Edmund Kean. For two years at least the lovers of the legitimate were satisfied, but the average receipts never came anywhere near those of the opening season. The sequel is interesting. Kean continued to draw large houses with a series of fresh characters, in which he never failed to delight and astonish the town, but at last his *repertoire* was exhausted. The bottom of the list of Shakespeare's acting plays was reached, and the public, having seen him in all his parts, clamoured in vain for novelty according to their wont. It was Kean in Shakespeare, or rather Kean as Richard III. or Shylock, they came to see, and not Shakespeare alone. The income of Drury Lane fell lower and lower, until a catastrophe could be no longer avoided. On a sad Saturday in May, 1818, the committee, represented by the Duke of Bedford, Lord Essex, Lord Yarmouth, and Mr. Peter Moore, met the actors in a saloon, and made them an appeal *ad misericordiam* to accept a considerable reduction of salary.

The blandishments of Lord Yarmouth were in vain, and his threats only elicited a sturdy refusal from the company, a member of which went so far as to offer the discomfited noblemen pecuniary assistance to the extent of £500 from his own pocket. Notwithstanding the signal victory of Shakespeare, Kean, and the votaries of "the legitimate," it soon transpired that all the capital of the company was expended, and that its debts amounted to the astounding sum of £80,000. The noble patrons adjourned the meeting and Drury Lane soon closed its doors. The next period of its existence is an epoch of litigation, inflammatory placards, recrimination, injunctions, and pamphlet warfare. Reduction in the charges of admission were proposed and adopted; the price of the pit at once descended from 4s. to 2s., and "the trial of any experiment, however novel, to improve the state of the property" was assiduously advocated. It is true that the theatre opened again, but only to court, if possible, a still more ignominious disaster. When the announcement of each new drama became synonymous with the proclamation of a failure, a

total change of administration became unavoidable, and the era of lessees was restored in the person of Mr. Elliston.

Drury Lane began to draw once more, but this time it was not with undiluted Shakespeare, as in the early days of Kean. The waterfall effect in the *Cataract of the Ganges* attracted its thousands, and has attained the high dignity of a special record in Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*. Between 1819 and 1879 Drury Lane can boast of a long list of managers. Some, whose names are now almost forgotten, have buried their fortunes in the enterprise. Mr. Bunn will be remembered for his silver keys, which admitted the gilded youth of London behind the scenes. Mr. Macready put an end to the scandals which disgraced the saloon; but in spite of such magnificent productions as *Acis and Galatea* and *King John*, he left the theatre a poorer man than he entered it. Where Macready failed it was not to be expected less talented persons would succeed.

Theatrical speculators had already come to look on Drury Lane as almost a drug in the market. Circus horses had pranced sacriligiously in its precincts, and three administrations had lasted just three weeks, when Mr. E. T. Smith, in 1853, managed to secure it at a very low rental. Mr. William Beverly about this time invented transformation scenes, and his beautiful effects made the annual pantomime the sheet anchor of the new manager. The success of the *Peep o' Day* at the Lyceum persuaded by Mr. Edmund Falconer (who like many authors before and since fondly imagined that a solitary triumph gave him almost oracular authority), that he had a special mission to regenerate the drama, and he lent a willing ear to the proposals of Mr. Smith, who was anxious to dispose of his lease on conditions favourable to himself. A bargain was struck, but Mr. Falconer's illusions were of short duration. His experience was dearly purchased. Mr. Chatterton first became his partner, and then replaced him as sole lessee. Mr. Chatterton (wise in his generation) trusted to Mr. Andrew Halliday and Mr. Dion Boucicault, who understood the public taste, and catered for it accordingly. *The Great City*, *Formosa*, *Amy Robsart* and *Ivanhoe* drew large houses; and these successes, coupled with the burning of Her Majesty's, which brought the Italian company on remunerative terms to fill up the dullest part of the year at Drury Lane, the popularity of the Vokes family, and the talents of the leading member of that troupe, who admirably united the qualities of a clever contortionist and capital comedian, all combined to convert the old show into a transitory "El Dorado."

It was not, however, to last. The opera went back to its home in the Haymarket; the public, wearying of the Vokes, began to want some fresh features in the pantomimes; and, to make matters worse, the patrons of the "legitimate" were as ungrateful for the revival of the *Winter's Tale*, with Mr. Dillon as Leontes, as they had been blind to the beauties of Mr. Halliday's modernisation of *Antony and*

*Cleopatra*, and the declamatory force of Mr. Anderson in the principal *rôle*. History at last once again repeated itself, and another melancholy meeting took place in the saloon of Drury Lane. The appeal to the tender mercies of the actors to accept a reduced salary met with the same result as a like request did some sixty years before; and on a dismal evening in February the pantomime-goers from all parts of the metropolis found themselves confronted with the comfortless announcement, "Theatre closed in consequence of unavoidable circumstances." The proprietors took possession, and the gloomiest rumours were current as to the future. The doors remained shut, and the speedy absorption of the site in a projected enlargement of Covent Garden Market was confidently predicted. It was at this juncture that I conceived the bold idea of becoming the lessee of Drury Lane. My temerity was, perhaps, not excusable, but I was firmly convinced that the theatre might be made what is described, in common parlance, "a paying concern;" and having obtained a promise of financial support, I answered (not without misgivings, the advertisement of the committee for a tenant. My age told terribly against me, and the negotiations which ensued were long, tedious, and difficult. At last, to the astonishment of everybody, the lease in my favour was signed. My best friends only gave me a month's respite from discomfiture; some of my enemies said I should not open at all; while others, more charitably disposed, foretold the certain addition of my name to the list of administrators who had held sway for a single week.

Six years have elapsed since then; the prophecies of friends and foes alike remain unverified, for my most sanguine hopes have been more than realised. The policy I have pursued at Drury Lane from the commencement has undergone no change. It was planned before I asked the proprietors for the lease, it was adopted from the time I took possession of the theatre, it is maintained to-day. My constant aim has been to gauge the taste of the theatre-going public with the greatest possible accuracy, and to follow intelligently in the matter of dramatic entertainment the unerring law of supply and demand. To carry out my programme, certain experiments were necessary. Fortunately for me, Mr. George Rignold, fresh from his triumphs in America and Australia, decided to revive *Henry V.* at Drury Lane. I let him the theatre. The critics treated him with generosity, but a deficit was the result. I thus learned by experience at the outset the dangers of the "legitimate." *Blue Beard* restored pantomime to its old home, and in the following autumn the charming performances of Marie Litton in *As You Like It* fared no better than *Henry V.*

By this time I had become more and more convinced that popular drama was best suited to the public taste, and the triumph of *The World* proved my surmise to be correct. No such success had been scored at Drury Lane for many years; the play was eagerly

sought for in every country where the English language is spoken, and is even now making money for the fortunate purchasers of its acting rights. Its strong situations and striking spectacle was, I believe, a relief to the great mass of playgoers satiated with the ceaseless dialogue and unimpassioned acting of the "cup and saucer" school. They wanted drama, but a powerful class amongst them once more clamoured for the "legitimate." Mr. John McCullough's anxiety to gain in London, on the historical boards of Drury Lane, the same successes as had attended his performances in the United States, enabled me to make arrangements for the production of *Virginius* and *Othello*. He reaped golden opinions on all sides, but he failed to fill the house. A week after the curtain fell on the last representation of *Othello*, the company of German actors maintained by the Duke of Meinengen, and admirably stage managed by Herr Ludwig Chronegh, made its appearance in *Julius Cæsar* under the personal patronage of the Prince of Wales. The archæological knowledge and exquisite taste of the Grand Duke, the wonderful *mise-en-scene* of Herr Chronegh, and the perfect training of every class of the actors, excited the most profound sensation. The expert handling of the crowds in their most important plays revolutionised the functions of the super for the future in this country. Managers flocked to Drury Lane along with the general public to learn all they could from these talented foreigners. Nevertheless these famous classical revivals were, as far as the treasury of Drury Lane is concerned, but a magnificent *succès d'estime*.

The next drama I placed on the stage was *Youth*, which crowded the house and gave a large profit. If my opinion as to the only policy possible at Drury Lane needed any further confirmation, I found it in the following year in the disasters of the German opera, the cold support given to the splendid genius of Madame Ristori, and in the delicate flattery administered to me by the imitation of my tactics by some of my colleagues. Since then the presence each year in the national theatre of Mr. Carl Rosa's Company has been the only tribute I have paid to what is commonly described as high art, and I trust that our joint efforts have a little contributed to the increased appreciation of English opera in London.

For the financial success of Drury Lane I am more than ever convinced that my guiding-star must be wholly and solely the taste of those I endeavour to please. If the public at large really wanted to see Drury Lane the home *par excellence* of the "legitimate" they would have given a far more constant support to the various efforts of my predecessors and myself in this direction. They have failed to do so, and the only inference to be drawn from past events is that the demand in question comes rather from the dissatisfied minority than from the great mass of British playgoers. Experience is an unerring master, and experience teaches precisely what the public

ask for at Drury Lane. Leaving the ever-popular yearly pantomime out of the question, the requirements of an average Drury Lane audience are sufficiently clear. They demand a performance which must be, above all things, dramatic, full of life, novelty, and movement; treating, as a rule, of the age in which we live, dealing with characters they can sympathise with, and written in a language they can easily understand. It must be well mounted, well acted, and should appeal rather to the feelings of the public at large than to the prejudice of a class.

The successful drama of to-day must be realistic, for to be realistic is to be true to nature, and to be natural is to be artistic. If the powerful minority still insists on a national theatre (in their sense of the word) at Drury Lane I am ready, nay, more, it will be my greatest pleasure, to oblige them, but I am unwilling to ruin myself in satisfying their caprice. If they are in earnest a sufficient subsidy would render my daily task—the constant gauging of the public taste —superfluous; or perhaps they may be influential enough to secure the realisation of their hobby at the expense of the State. I am far from treating lightly the wishes of the supporters of the "legitimate," but I desire to indicate the real extent of the demand they create. Mr. Irving succeeds admirably in supplying their wants; he is the tragedian who seriously commands the attention of London audiences, and the dimensions of his theatre are exactly suited to his requirements.

Tragedy, like the town of Brentford, never acknowledged but one king. When Fechter and Phelps played on alternate nights, during my father's management, at the Princess's, the one filled the house, while the other emptied it, although the relative merits of the two actors are still a matter of controversy. The limited extent of the demand, the success of Mr. Irving, the great space to be filled at Drury Lane, and the annual productions of pantomime, are sufficient to make any further experiment of the kind, under existing circumstances, almost out of the question.

But I must not for a moment be supposed to admit that the modern drama, which the majority prefers to pay for, is either missionless or devoid of merit, or that it needs any apology to justify the place it now occupies. Lessons of honesty, thrift, and generosity may be taught by its means. Men may learn, from what they see on the stage, to know one another, and to sympathise with the sufferings of their fellows. The visitors of the stalls, transported in imagination to the homes of the poor, may understand, more forcibly than they otherwise would do, the terrible hardships and struggles which are constantly undergone, as well as the anguish of the starving and the trials of the wronged. On the other hand, the occupants of the gallery may realise the fact that masters and employers have

also their troubles, and that the rich and the powerful have also their trials to contend with and their duties to perform.

*Literati* and antiquarians may long for Shakespeare, æsthetes may fail to enjoy alike the jests and glories of pantomime, and bishops may denounce the ballet, but the practical and prudent theatrical manager will ever learn a lesson from the eventful history of Drury Lane, and carefully frame his programme in accordance with the tastes of the majority of his paying patrons and the old law of supply and demand. I have, I think, said enough to show that, as a matter of fact, the National Theatre during the last few years has, on the question of high art production, done something more than its share. The material results, however, have been invariably discouraging. The time may possibly arrive when a change of public opinion will justify a revolution in the class of entertainment the managers of Drury Lane are called on to furnish. Till then we must be content to wait, but the causes which will bring such a state of things into existence must arise from the march of education and other influences entirely outside the drama, and will not depend, at any rate directly, on the theatrical manager, who is, after all, only the servant of the public.

AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

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## *AS YOU LIKE IT* AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Practical Englishmen are often inclined to ridicule the sentiment that prompts lovers of Shakespeare to make pilgrimages to Stratford-on-Avon. They glibly assert that the dramatist is for all time and place. They are content to take what they assume to be his own word for it, that he was "of imagination all compact," and owed little or nothing to his temporary personal environment. The spirit of the historian rightly rebels against so unsatisfactory a solution of the Shakespearian problem. Great and small men alike are in great degree the creatures of circumstances, and to ignore the fact that Shakespeare lived and died at Stratford is to neglect a very possible opportunity of accounting for a part of his unique characteristic. Stratford life in Elizabethan times may appear to many of us very petty and very uninspiring; but even if, after full study, that be our final conclusion, the interval that separates the life of Stratford from the life portrayed in Shakespeare's dramas—more particularly in the very early ones—exactly measures the transmuting force of Shakespeare's genius. In the life of his neighbors and relatives at Stratford, Shakespeare's "fine frenzy" undoubtedly found its earliest sustenance.

The general reader rarely perceives how large a part rural life plays in Shakespeare's early comedies, and how large a claim Shakespeare there asserts to be regarded as the poet of living pastoral — of pastoral which bears little relation to the airy nothings of the professed pastoral poet. For the Shakespearian student, no play better repays careful study than *Love's Labour's Lost*, and it is of evil omen for Shakespearian criticism that no play is less valued by him or his teacher. Without dogmatizing as to its date, all internal evidence proves *Love's Labour's Lost* to have been Shakespeare's earliest essay in comedy — his first endeavor, after arriving in London, to produce a play that should be all his own. And what is the method pursued by the lad who has spent his score or so of years almost entirely in a country village — first at the free grammar-school, and afterwards in the service of his father, a woolstapler? Naturally enough, he seeks in his own rural experiences, narrow as they have been, the chief substance for his experiment. He produces a play defective in plot, and very colorless in its characterization of court ladies and gentlemen; in his leading theme he brusquely jumbles together the fact and fiction of contemporary political and social life, and gives his comedy the flavor of a political extravaganza.* But artistic faults are atoned for by the humorous fidelity with which the writer depicts the chief dignitaries of a contemporary village — the curate, the schoolmaster, and the constable — and the honest fun which he extracts from the misadventures of a country clown and village wench. Stratford-on-Avon and Shakespeare's observation of his father's friends there in his school days, could alone have served to endow his work with such characteristics as these.

The wariest of critics may prove this inference for himself by examining the schoolmaster, Holofernes. It should be borne in mind that the Stratford schoolhouse, which still survives by the Guild Chapel in Church Street, was in Shakespeare's time attended by every burgess's son for a term (as a rule) of seven years. Founded in the fifteenth century as an adjunct of the mediæval guild of the Holy Trinity — a religious friendly society whose records date as far back as the reign of Henry III, — it was restored and re-endowed by Edward VI, a few years after the dissolution of the guild in 1547, and had attained before the end of the century notable efficiency. It is an all but recorded fact that, between 1571 and 1580, Shakespeare, the son of Alderman John Shakespeare, creeped thither daily, "with satchel and shining morning face," from his father's house in Henley Street. Elizabethan schoolmasters pursued a constant system of education. From the Latin accidence they led their pupils through Lilly's grammar, through vocabularies and conversation books — the chief of which was the *Sententiæ Pueriles* — up to Mantuanus,

*See my paper entitled "A New Study of *Love's Labour's Lost*" in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1880.

Ovid, Horace, Seneca, and Plautus. It is this mode of tuition with which Holofernes is alone familiar, and his acquaintance with it is remarkably thorough. As soon as he appears on the stage, he pompously quotes from Lilly's grammar, "*Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.*" From the *Sententiæ Pueriles* he borrows his not very apt remarks, "Sanguis, blood . . . Cœlum, the sky, the welkin, the heaven . . . Terra, the soil, the land, the earth." and thus illustrates the schoolmaster's practice of inviting boys to supply English synonyms to the Latin words proposed by himself. In most of the early conversation books formal dialogues with no particular application are frequently met with, and Holofernes engages in one of these with the curate, Sir Nathaniel:

*Hol.* Novi hominem tanquam te: anne intelligis?
*Nath.* Laus Deo, bene intelligo.
*Nath.* Videsne quis venit?
*Hol.* Video, et gaudeo.

Nor does this exhaust Shakespeare's avowed debt to the Stratford schoolhouse. He especially ridicules the conversation which the schoolbooks recommend for use between the boys and the master. The master is there credited with such remarks as: —

He speaks false Latin. Diminuit Prisciani caput.
It is barbarous Latin. Olet barbariem.

and Holofernes burlesques the phrase in his criticism of Sir Nathaniel's Latin as "Priscian a little scratched," and the second in his remark that he smells false Latin when Costard misreads "ad dunghill" for "ad ungeum." As striking reminiscences of the contemporary rural grammar school are Holofernes' citation of a line and a half from the eclogues of the good old Mantuan (or of the mediæval poet Mantuanus), which was the ordinary reading-book of Elizabethan fourth forms; his vain attempts to recall his Horace; and his praises of Ovid when he finds not the apostrophes, and so misses the accent in the curate's verses.*

Anthony Dull the constable is every whit as literal a transcript from the life as Holofernes. The office of constable in an Elizabethan village was of some dignity. Shakespeare's father held it at Stratford for two years, and the occupier of the house adjoining his father's house in Henley Street during his childhood was similarly honored. There is a Dogberry-like sound in the Stratford municipal bye-law which directed that once every month from Michaelmas to Candlemas, or oftener,, "as the case requireth it," the constable was "to call to him certain of the council and some other honest men, and keep and have a privy watch for the good rule of the town." The journey, too, between Stratford and London must have given Shakespeare

* See my *Stratford-on-Avon from the earliest times to the death of Shakespeare* (Seeley & Co. 1885), pp. 49–52.

every opportunity of studying the eccentricities of village constables and watchmen. According to Aubrey, the dramatist "happened to take the humour of the constable in *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Grendon, Oxford;" but since there is no constable in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, we may interpret the antiquary to refer either to Dogberry or Dull. Lord Burghley, writing to Walsingham in 1586, when Shakespeare was traveling (in all probability) for the first time to London, described how on a long journey he saw the watch at every town's end standing with long staves, under alehouse pentices, and how at Enfield they stated that they were on the look-out for three young men whom they would surely know because "one of the parties hath a hooked nose." Lord Burghley makes the humorously prudent comment on this expectation that "if they be no better instructed but to find three persons by one of them having a hooked nose, they may miss thereof." It is clearly to such ludicrous inefficiency that Shakespeare is bearing witness out of his own experience in *Love's Labour's Lost* in the person of "goodman" Dull.

Many other are the glimpses that Shakespeare affords us of his early Warwickshire life in his earliest comedy. Nowhere else (as we might expect) has he made reference to so many rustic games. The whipping of tops, hide-and-seek, more sacks to the mill, push-pin, and nine men's morris, all receive grateful recognition. For the first of many times he pays tribute to "the noble art of venery," and makes merry over the numberless titles granted by huntsmen to the deer. The village pageant is presented to us in the show of the Nine Worthies, and is the first rough sketch of the rural play at which "hard-handed men" labor in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. And finally Shakespeare sets before us in the concluding songs of Spring and Winter all the delights of painted meadows and all the troubles with which winter and rough weather infest country life —

> When all aloud the wind doth blow,
> And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
> And birds sit brooding in the snow,
> And Marian's nose looks red and raw.

From most of the early comedies we could extract almost as convincing examples as from *Love's Labour's Lost*, of Shakespeare's readiness to draw upon his rural experiences. A Pentecost village play is fully described by Julia in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Horses and hounds are noticed by Theseus in the detail dear to the country-bred in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Records prove the country tinker of the *Taming of the Shrew* to have been a character well known in Stratford by name. Nor did Shakespeare cease to turn his schoolhouse experience to account on the stage when Holofernes was turned adrift. He gives us a glimpse

of a less amiable type of schoolmaster of which many villages could furnish examples, in the Pinch of *Comedy of Errors*, and returns to the more attractive type with full and accurate detail in Sir Hugh Evans.

Such points illustrate a part of Shakespeare's debt to Stratford-on-Avon, and still throw upon his native place the reflection of his genius. And there is every reason to suppose that he wished that it should be so. Little as we know of his biography, there is ample proof of his anxiety to maintain unbroken his intimacy with Stratford and Stratford people. As soon as he could afford it, he bought a house there. The extant letters of his fellow-townsmen show that when in London, he was ready to use his influence there in their behalf. The first land he contemplated purchasing was at Shottery, his wife's native place, within a mile or two of his own, and all the purchases of land that he completed later lay within a short walk of Henley Street, his birthplace. As his years increased, his temporary withdrawals from Stratford grew rarer. He educated his children there; he married his daughters to residents there; and, like all the members of his family, he died and was buried there.

And when Shakespeare's powers had reached their zenith and he could depict life under any aspect that he chose, he still acknowledged in his dramatic work the attractions that rural life had for him. The sheep-shearing feast of the *Winter's Tale*—one of his latest productions—is a Warwickshire pastoral, and all Perdita's flowers grow near the banks of the Avon. But before all should it be realized that the most thoughtful of his comedies, *As You Like It*, which seems to stand midway between his greatest efforts in tragedy and his greatest efforts in comedy and history, is almost in its entirety a Warwickshire idyl. And Shakespeare here seems to make less concealment of the fact than in any other play excepting *Love's Labour's Lost;* he lays the scene in the forest of Arden, and there can be little doubt on *à-priori* grounds that Shakespeare's Arden was the Arden of South Warwickshire, and not, as some have imagined, the Ardennes of Luxemburg. There is but one iota of evidence to be urged on the other side. Grown wiser than when he wrote *Love's Labour's Lost*, Shakespeare did not depend for the plot of *As You Like It* on his own invention. He borrowed it freely from Thomas Lodge's novel of *Rosalynde*. Lodge introduces us to an elder brother (Saladyne), who ill-treats a younger brother (Rosader); to a sovereign (Torismond) who exiles a rightful ruler (Gerismond); to a daughter of the sovereign (Alinda), and to her dear friend and cousin, the exile's daughter (Rosalynde). But Lodge lays his scene in France; the exiled king (Gerismond) lives as an outlaw in a *French* forest of Arden, and he is joined there by Alinda, Rosalynde, and Rosader. Similarly among numerous other resemblances, Lodge brings the

cruel elder brother into this forest to confront him with a lion, and to work out his conversion. It is the adoption of this particular episode by Shakespeare that seems at first sight to make the identification of the Arden of the play with the real Warwickshire Arden a little doubtful. Shakespeare merely translates Lodge's lion into a couching lioness, and adds to the situation the terror of "a green and gilded snake." Of the latter, examples might perhaps be furnished by the Arden of Warwickshire, but "the royal disposition" of lion or lioness was not to be studied there. Nevertheless we are quite unwilling to admit on this ground that Shakespeare's Arden was beyond the sea. In the case of the lioness, he undoubtedly went farther than any experience of his own warranted. But he needed a very startling and unusual situation to bring about the conversion of Oliver, and he accepted Lodge's device as the least unsatisfactory mode of handling an unsatisfactory incident. Many signs of undue haste are apparent in the construction of *As You Like It*, and it is not unfair to reckon among them all that concerns Oliver's conversion. But, except in this solitary instance, we believe we can prove that Shakespeare carefully anglicised, from his own knowledge of Warwickshire, Dodge's French forest of Arden.

In the first place, Shakespeare has introduced into his play two rustic characters of undoubtedly English birth. Audrey, "a country wench," and William, "a country fellow," are beyond the suspicion of alien origin; they were both "born i' the forest here." Lodge's novel knows nothing of such simple homely English villagers, and Shakespeare found no prototypes of them there. The former is a goatherd, awkward in bearing and ignorant of the meaning of so simple a word as "foul." Burdened with "no dishonest desire," and like most Englishwomen very practically minded, she looks forward to a good marriage and readily exchanges a suitor of her own class for one of more attractive mettle. William, her rejected lover, is of the ripe age of five-and-twenty. Very respectful to a stranger, he has no mean opinion of his own "pretty" wit, and he has an income that satisfies him in days when contentment was rare with his class; a proof either of an exceptional share of business talent, or of an intellectual incapacity to realize the ground for his neighbors' discontent; he is certainly not learned, and is not capable of much passion: a few full-sounding words delivered with mock determination quickly induce him to resign to another his claim on Audrey.

Shakespeare undoubtedly accepted Lodge's suggestion of another pastoral love-plot with which to contrast the amorous adventures of his hero and heroine, but he has wholly metamorphosed Lodge's actors in his reading of this episode, and his Corin and Silvius owe very little to Lodge's Coridon and Montanus. The latter are invariably "playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and

melodie falling into much amorous chat." They are never happy unless engaged in discussing "a pleasant eglog," which, in one case, extends to one hundred and thirty-six lines, and concludes with an extract from Terence. Montanus's love-frenzy is at other times assuaged with sugared sonnets, and in one instance he "felt his passions so extreame" that he fell into "a very graceful piece of French verse." Surely such accomplished herdsmen never tended sheep in any mundane wood or dale before. It is these refined gentlemen that Shakespeare has transformed into business-like rustics like Corin and Silvius, who are noticeably free from formal airs and graces, and Shakespeare has abandoned Lodge's spruce verse for such unaffected melodies as "It was a lover and his lass." There is, however, no versifying capacity in Corin; he is capable of offering a little practical advice to a love-sick youth, but attempts no accompaniment on the pipes. He is far from the bliss and contentment of Lodge's Coridon; he has very real grievances which are historically true of South Warwickshire and the rest of Elizabethan England. He is very poor and is not his own master.

> But I am shepherd to another man,
> And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
> My master is of churlish disposition,
> And little recks to find the way to heaven
> By doing deeds of hospitality.

We have here a glimpse of the grasping English capitalist, who, in the sixteenth century, was depriving the native shepherds of their independence up and down the country. Corin's complaint finds very voluminous illustration in contemporary literature. As early as 1550 Richard Crowley attacked these "gredy guttes, yea, men that would eat up menne, women, and chyldren. . . They take our houses over our heades, they bye our growndes out of our handes, they rayse our rentes . . . . we know not whyche waye to turn us to lyve . . . In the country we can not tarrye, but we must be theyr slaves, and laboure tyll our hertes brast, and then they must have al."* Thomas Becon similarly pointed out the evil influence of "the gredy gentylmen, whyche are shepemongers and grasyers." Thomas Lupton writing in 1580 denounced with Corin their niggardliness to their neighbors, and Stubbes mercilessly denounces the capitalist graziers—"worse than the caterpillars and locusts of Egypt"—who devour all the poor men's fields and force beggary upon them. The attempt of the rich William Combe in 1614 to enclose the Stratford common lands in order to turn them to his own profit, and the excitement caused in the town by his action, show that Corin's grievance found many sympathizers in the Warwickshire Arden.

It will be well at this point to determine what the name of Arden

*R. Crowley's *The Way to Wealth*, Early English Text Society, pp. 132–3; see Furnivall's edition of *Stubbes's Anatomie*, i. 290.

conveyed to a South Warwickshire man in the sixteenth and earlier centuries. The forest of Arden — a Celtic word from *ard*, high or great, and *den*, a wooded valley — was for very many years the designation of all Warwickshire within ten miles or so of the north bank of the Avon. As in other parts of England and the Continent, the history of the forest is chiefly a record of the decay and removal of trees — of the transformation of woodland into corn and pasture land. In prehistoric days, it was a link in the chain of wood that covered all the midlands, from Byrne Wood in Buckinghamshire, through Abingdon and Wych Woods in Oxfordshire, to the forests of Dean, Cannock, and Sherwood, and the Derbyshire Wolds. But as early as the eleventh century, evidence is not wanting that wide clearings had been made in Arden, and that only poetical license could then figure the forest as a wood-nymph with one hand touching "Trent, the other Severn's side." The agriculturist had made much of "her rough woodland" his own, and a map of the district at the time would have to represent it freely dotted with "ploughlands." Some six or seven villages which had grown up in the heart of the forest are described in the statistical Doomsday survey. They were of very small dimensions and the woodland far outstripped their pastures, but they marked the development that was overtaking the district. Preston, one of the largest of them, had only two ploughlands, and these were encircled by a wood two miles long and one mile broad. A forest three miles square environed the hamlet of Hampton-in-Arden. But between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries Arden diminished steadily. It was still known as a forest, and could boast enough thickets and sylvan retreats to make Shakespeare's forest of Arden a faithful representation of it. But as in *As You Like It* it was as famous for its shepherds and its sheep as for its foresters and its trees. Viewed as a district, it doubtless very closely resembled the Epping forest of modern Essex.

Fairly detailed accounts of Arden by sixteenth-century travellers are not wanting. "Marke," writes Leland who visited the country about 1533, "that the waste parte of *Warwyckeshire* that standithe on the left hand, or banke, of *Avon*, as the ryver dessendethe, is called *Arden*, and this countrye is not so plentiful of corne, but of grasse and woode. Suche parte of *Warwikeshire* as lyethe by sowthe the lefte hand, or banke, of *Avon* is baren of woode, but plentifull of corne."* William Camden, the great antiquary and Shakespeare's contemporary, writes, "Let us now take a view of the woodland which lies north of the Avon, occupying a larger extent, being the most part covered with woods, though not without pastures, cornfields, and iron-mines. As it is still called the woodland, so it had antiently the much older name of *Arden*, but, as I take it, to the same purport, for *Arden* seems to have signified a *forest* among the

*Leland's *Itinerary*, 1774; viii. 31.

ancient Britons and Gauls, the largest forest in Gaul being called *Arden*, a town in Flanders near another forest *Ardenburgh* and that famous forest in England we see is called by abbreviation *Den.*"*

But by far the most picturesque and fullest description of Arden given by any of Shakespeare's contemporaries is that by the poet Michael Drayton. Drayton, a native of Warwick, devotes the chief part of the thirteenth song of his *Poly-olbion* to the Warwickshire forest. He regrets that so much of Arden has been brought under cultivation, and makes "the ancient forest" in her own person lament her decline: —

> . . . when the world found out the fitness of my soil,
> The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil
> My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds enclose:
> By which in little time my bounds I came to lose.

Other forests may excel Arden "for pleasantness of shade," but Arden yields to none of them in the variety of its attractions.

> We equally partake with woodland as with plain,
> Alike with hill and dale: and every day maintain
> The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious wastes,
> That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase.

There the birds of every hue sing "hunts up to the morn" — the throstle with shrill sharps, the woosel of the golden bill, the mournful nightingale, the warbling linnet, the woodlark, the red sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, the wren, the yellow-pate, the goldfinch the "tydy," the laughing "hecco," and the counterfeiting jay. On the lawns are "both sorts of season'd deer."

> Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there;
> The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals strew'd,
> As sometimes gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

"The most princely chase" of the hart most fitly belongs, according to the poet, "to our old Arden here," and Diana herself would be content with the tall and lusty red stag, of "goodly shape and stateliness of head," which she would meet at every turn in the forest. Drayton then proceeds to paint a very vivid picture of an Arden stag hunt. As soon as the "bellowing hounds" drive the quarry from his lair, he rushes madly through the thickets, shakes the tender saplings with his branch'd head, and after vain displays of "state," "with unbent knees upright expressing courage," leaves his usual walk, and "o'er the champain flies." The huntsmen follow as if "footed by the wind." The "noble stately" deer beats the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil; makes among herds of sheep to foil the scent; ploughmen and shepherds seize goads and hooks, and join in the chase. At length "this noblest beast" yields to destiny,

*Camden's *Britannia*, ed. Gough; ii. 329.

and stands at bay; then dealing deadly wounds on the hounds with his sharp-pointed head, he finally

> Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall,

and so dies. ("The hart weepeth at his dying," states a friend of Drayton who wrote prose notes on the passage; "his tears are held to be precious in medicine.") In such a forest of Arden, too, Drayton continues, all that sorts with solitude is at hand. Here one who knows the vileness of the world may lead a sweet retired life, on homely fare, far from "the loathsome airs of smoky-citied towns." Here

> The man that is alone a king in his desire,
> By no proud, ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,
> Nor his false praise affects; nor of a pin he weighs
> What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies raise.
> His free and noble thought ne'er envies at the grace
> That oftentimes is given unto a bawd most base;
> Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile
> Who, seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile
> The sottish, purblind world; but absolutely free,
> His happy time he spends the works of God to see.

Drayton concludes his account of Arden with a list of the medicinal herbs that grow there, and cure all ailments, not all of which (he states) were known even to skilful Gerard.

Drayton's *Poly-olbion* is a geographical survey of England in verse, and the writer, in his account of Arden and elsewhere, is endeavoring to record the literal results of his observation. But his real Arden bears in almost every detail an instructive likeness to Shakespeare's Arden: the real forest suggests to Drayton almost the same reflections as the dramatist places in the mouth of the dwellers in his forest. It is, therefore, only just to regard it as a very important piece of evidence in support of the contention that *As You Like It* is of South Warwickshire origin. Dayton's argument prefixed to his song of Arden suggests to every ear the spirit of much of Shakespeare's comedy:—

> This song our shire of Warwick sounds
> Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
> Through many shapes the muse here roves:
> Now sporting in those shady groves,
> The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:
> Then finding herds of lusty deer
> She, huntress-like, the hart pursues.

His careful and sympathetic description of the stag hunt can be paralleled at every point by the speeches of the exiles of *As You Like It*. "Come, shall we go and kill us venison?" is their constantly recurring refrain. The duke may regret that the "poor dappled fools"

> Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
> Have their round haunches gored;

but he. no less than Jacques or Drayton, is delighted to honor him "that killed the deer." The melancholy Jacques, like Drayton and Drayton's friendly commentator, makes the most of "the big round tears" that coursed one another down the innocent nose of the poor sequestered stag; and Jacques had watched the wretched animal as carefully as the geographical poet, when it was driven by the hunters to "the extremest verge of the swift brook." The duke in exile finds in Shakespeare's Arden the very solitude and the very happiness that Drayton promises the hermit of the Warwickshire Arden. Corin laments with Drayton's wood-nymph the conduct of "the gripple wretch" who narrows the forest's bounds, and testifies, by his references to his master's cote, his flocks and bounds of feed, to the truth of Drayton's picture of the mingling of woodland and pasture in Arden. Rosalind's own allusions to the brambles and hawthorns much in Drayton can be found to illustrate, "and the sweet birds' throat" sounds as sweetly in both poets' verses.

We can safely assert that neither poet owed aught to the other in these descriptive passages. Drayton was undoubtedly the friend of Shakespeare. Tradition has, indeed, charged him and Ben Jonson, while guests at New Place, with engaging Shakespeare in a friendly drinking bout which caused the great dramatist's fatal illness. Whatever opinion we may hold of this story, we may be very sure that the contiguity of their birthplace created between them a very close bond of union. But in their literary work they were independent of each other and worked on different lines. Although some of Drayton's airy fancies bear a family likeness to those of Shakespeare, there is nothing to support the suspicion that the coincidence was other than accidental. Of *Poly-olbion* and *As You Like It*, the former was published in 1613, and written gradually in the preceding years; the latter, not published till 1623, was probably acted in the first year of the seventeenth century. There is nothing in the dates, therefore, to touch the question very nearly, and there is no need to press them in one direction or the other. A sane judgment can only see in the resemblances between *Poly-olbion* and *As You Like It*, convincing proof that their authors derived much of their inspiration from the same source — from the gentle rural life of the county of which each was a native. Shakespeare in the play, and Drayton in the poem, each paid grateful tribute to the hawthorns and brambles of the forest of Arden.

We have offered some very literal information about the scene of the greater part of *As You Like It*. But we have no desire to exaggerate the importance of the circumstance that the forest of Arden was for Shakespeare, as for all Warwickshire men, a geographical reality. We are quite ready to admit that Shakespeare — in the opening scene of the *Tempest* for instance — displays such multiform power of imaginative self-position that he *might* have

depicted sylvan and pastoral life with equal faithfulness had he not lived almost habitually under the shadow of the greenwood tree. But since his home *did*, as a matter of unvarnished fact, lie within a mile or two of the really English forest of Arden, it is mere affectation to decline the invitation that Shakespeare offers us on the first page of his comedy to examine the source of his inspiration. And be it added, it only heightens our sense of Shakespeare's poetic power, here as elsewhere, to be able to compare his material before and after his genius had transmuted it.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

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# THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

## VII. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson, LL.D., was born in Lichfield, England, on September 18, 1709. His father was Michael Johnson, a bookseller, and Johnson's education was begun in the free school of that town. He displayed such evidences of a good mind that his father determined to send him to Pembroke College, Oxford. Here he went in October, 1728, and had a hard struggle to maintain himself, as his parents were poor and not able to help him much. His father died insolvent in 1731, and Johnson was compelled to leave college without taking his degree. He endeavored to support himself by accepting the position of usher in a school at Bosworth. He soon became dissatisfied with this, and went to Birmingham, where he occupied himself with the translation of *The Travels of Lobo*. In 1734 he issued proposals for a translation of the works of Politian, but met with no success. In 1736 he married Mrs. Porter, a widow, residing in Birmingham. She was older than Johnson, but had some money. With her help he opened a school at Edial, near Lichfield. He only obtained three pupils, two of whom were David Garrick and his brother. Being compelled to abandon this project, he determined to move to London, whither he went with David Garrick in March, 1737. Here he became acquainted with Mr. Cave, the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The same year he finished his tragedy of *Irene*, which he offered to the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, but it was rejected. His main source of support was reporting the parliamentary debates. He also contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* a series of articles on the lives of eminent personages. In 1744 he published his Life of Richard Savage, and in 1747 issued his plan for his *English Dictionary*. He accepted proposals from certain booksellers who agreed to pay him £1575 for his work, and rented a house in Gough Square, London, where he employed six amanuenses. The Dictionary,

which occupied him for eight years, appeared in 1755. In 1750 he commenced *The Rambler*, and about this time his tragedy of *Irene*, which had been produced under Garrick's protection proved a failure. *The Idler* appeared in the columns of the *Universal Chronicle*, a weekly newspaper, from April, 1758 to April, 1760. *Rasselas*, which was written to pay for his mother's funeral, brought him £100. In 1762 he was granted an annual pension of £300 by King George III. The University of Dublin conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws in 1765; and in 1775 the University of Oxford gave him a like degree. In 1773 he went to Scotland, and wrote *A Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*. His last work of importance, *The Lives of the English Poets*, was commenced in 1777, and completed in 1781. He died December 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near David Garrick's grave.

Johnson intended to publish an edition of Shakespeare as far back as 1745, and in that year issued *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir T[homas] H[anmer]'s Edition of Shakespear, with a Specimen.* Not meeting with any encouragement he abandoned the project, but in 1756 he again took it up. In that year he issued *Proposals for printing, by subscription, the Dramatick Works of W. Shakspear, corrected and illustrated by Sam. Johnson.* Of these Proposals Boswell says: "He showed that he perfectly well knew what variety of research such an undertaking required, but his indolence prevented him from pursuing it with that diligence which alone can collect those scattered facts that genius, however acute, penetrating, and luminous, cannot discover by its own force." Johnson got a number of subscribers, and appears to have received money from them, but the book was unreasonably delayed in its publication, and was not issued until 1765. In the meanwhile Churchill had written his keen satire, which probably caused Johnson to hasten the publication of his work:

> He for subscribers baits his hook,
> And takes your cash, but where's the book?
> No matter where; wise fear you know,
> Forbids the robbing of a foe,
> But what, to serve our private ends,
> Forbids the cheating of our friends?

The progress of the preparation and printing of the work was very slow, and yet Johnson had expected, when he commenced in 1756, that he would have it finished during the next year. Boswell tells us that some of the volumes were printed in 1758, but time rolled on and still the book did not appear. Johnson's bad eye-sight may have had much to do with this delay, but his indolence was probably more chargeable with it.

He had announced that his edition would be founded on a collation of the old copies, and he made use of Garrick's library, which con-

ained many of these rarities. When his edition finally appeared, instead of acknowledging his indebtedness to Garrick in this particular, ie makes the following remark in his preface: "I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found he collectors of these rarities very communicative." Johnson was ery careless in his treatment of books, and this unenviable reputation vhich he had acquired probably had much to do with the matter of vhich he complains.

The work was however finally finished, and was published in eight olumes octavo. The first title-page of Volume I, reads thus:

The Plays of William Shakespeare, in Eight Volumes, with the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators; to which are added notes by Sam. Johnson. London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson, H. Woodfall, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, L. Hawes, Clark and Collins, T. Longman, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, C. Corbet, T. Lownds, and the Executors of B. Dodd. M,DCC,LXV.

In addition to the above title-page in the first volume, there is a econd one, which reads: "The Plays of William Shakespeare. Volume the First. Containing *The Tempest, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Measure for Measure, The Merchant of Venice.* London: Printed for J. and R. Tonson," etc., s in the former title-page. Similar title-pages to the latter are in all he volumes, with the names of the plays changed to suit those contained in each volume. The first title-page, however, is not given in any of the other volumes but the first.

The paper on which it is printed is of poor quality, and the printing not at all good. The notes are arranged in double columns at the bottom of the page. Prefixed to the first volume is an engraving by G. Vertue, from the Chandos portrait.

Johnson printed his edition from Warburton's. A preface of seventy-two pages follows the second title-page in the first volume, and is undoubtedly the best part of the work. It is exceedingly well written, and few writers on Shakespeare have produced a better essay than Johnson's preface. His criticisms on the editors who preceded him in editing the poet are, on the whole, very just, and he clearly points out the merits and faults of each. He is however unfair in what he says about Theobald, and somewhat too laudatory in his remarks concerning Warburton. Posterity has not agreed with the learned Doctor in his estimate of these two editors.

Of his notes he says:

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which deprivations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to

facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many who before were frighted from perusing him, and contributed something to the publick, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

Of conjectural criticism he very truly says:

The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused. . . . . It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who only read it by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity. . . . .

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day increases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe. . . . .

That a conjectural critick should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of errour is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistable. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Never have the dangers of conjectural criticism been more forcibly or better set forth. And what he says about notes in general is also very true:

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve

his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness; and read the commentators.

This is certainly wise advice. The whole of his preface is, however, admirable, and is by far the most valuable part of his edition.

After the preface comes the dedication and preface of Heminge and Condell from the First Folio; then the prefaces of Pope, Theobald and Warburton, and Rowe's life of Shakespeare. Following these are the grant of arms to John Shakespeare, the poet's will, a short account of a story concerning Shakespeare's life furnished to Pope by Rowe, and Ben Jonson's lines commencing

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name.

Then come the plays, which are not printed in the order that they occupy in the First Folio, nor do they seem to be arranged in any chronological order either, for first is printed *The Tempest*, then *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, followed by *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Measure for Measure*. The comedies, histories and tragedies, are, however, grouped together.

The Sonnets and Poems are not given. In this Johnson followed the example set by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, and Warburton, in their edition of the poet's works.

Johnson printed many of the notes of Pope, Theobald and Warburton entire, and gave the names of their writers, thus making his edition practically the first which partook of a variorum character. This plan seems to have been a very popular one for it was followed by many succeeding editors, and finally developed into the regular variorum edition wherein one line of text often suffices for many pages of notes.

His text is better than Warbuton's, because he relegated many of the latter's emendations to the notes, and gave more readings from the old copies; but still it is not a good text, and some of his proposed emendations are ludicrous. In *As You Like It*, III, v, 7, Silvius says to Phebe,

Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Johnson proposes to read:

Will you sterner be
Than he that dyes his lips by bloody drops?

Certainly this was not worthy of Samuel Johnson.

At the end of many of the plays Johnson has a short note giving his opinion of the merits of the drama he is discussing. Concerning *Cymbeline* he says:

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity.

To remark, the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

No word of praise for Imogen, one of Shakespeare's loveliest creations!

At the end of the eighth volume there is printed an appendix, giving additional notes by Warton, Hawkins, Gray, Holt, Steevens, Heath, Goldsmith, and others; and there is also given a list of editions of the plays.

Johnson received £480 for his editorial work on his Shakespeare. It is fortunate that his literary reputation does not depend upon his edition of the poet. It is not worthy of so great a man as Samuel Johnson undoubtedly was.

In 1765 W. Kenrick published *A Review of Doctor Johnson's New Edition of Shakespeare*, in which great bitterness is shown in discussing the work under consideration.

In 1768 a second edition of Johnson's Shakespeare appeared. It is better printed than the first edition, and the paper is better, but it is a mere reprint of the latter. Even the appendix, containing additional notes, which appeared in the first edition is reprinted *verbatim* in this second one, without taking the trouble to insert them in their proper places.

J. Parker Norris.

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# ANNALS OF THE CAREERS OF W. HOUGHTON, WADESON AND PETT.

1597, November 5th. — Henslow advanced ten shillings to buy a book of "young Harton."

1598, February 17th, May 2nd–6th. — Harton receives two pounds in part payment of *A Woman will have her Will*. This was published in 1616 with the alternative title of *Englishmen for my Money*.

1599, August 20th, 25th. — Hawton receives thirty shillings for *The Poor Man's Paradise*.

1599, October, December 19th, 26th, 28th, 29th. — Chettle, Dekker and Harton receive ten pounds ten shillings for *Patient Grisell*, an unusually high price. This was entered S. R. March 28th, 1600, but not printed till 1603. On March 18th, 1600, Henslow paid two pounds to the printer to stay the publication. The first production on the stage lies between January 26th and this March 18th. It is worth notice that this date of February 1599–1600 is in the play

alluded to as "leap year." This shrew-play is partly a satire: Emulo the "line and hair" gallant is certainly Jonson, whose phrases "Sinthesesis of the "Soul," "compliment," "projects," "fastidious," "capricious," "misprision" are ridiculed in II, i: his encounter with Sir Owen is taken from that between Lucalento and Fastidious Brisk in *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV, iv. Brisk (Sir Owen) is probably Drayton; certainly not Dekker as commonly supposed. Dekker is Carlo Buffone who is generally supposed to be Marston.

1599, November 1st, 14th.—Haughton and Day receive five pounds in full for the tragedy of *John Cox of Collinster* (Collumpton).

1599, November 21st, 27th, December 5th, 6th.—Haughton and Day receive five pounds in full for the tragedy of *Thomas Merry*.

1599, December 13th 17th—Chettle and Harton receive fifteen shillings in earnest of *The Arcadian Virgin*.

1600, February 2nd.—Harton borrows five shillings of Henslow, p. 93.

1600, February 13th.—Dekker, Harton and Day receive three pounds in part payment of *The Spanish Moor's Tragedy* which was published in 1657 as *Lust's Dominion* or *The Lascivious Queen*.

1600, March 1st, 2nd, 8th.—Chettle, Dekker, Haughton and Day receive six pounds in full for *Seven Wise Masters* on which Henslow expended thirty-eight pounds for properties and dresses.

1600, March 10th.—Henslow lends Harton ten shillings to release him out of the clink a prison for such as "brabble, fray, or break the peace" (Stow) situate close to the Rose Theatre on Bankside.

1600, March 18th.—Harton receives ten shillings in earnest of *Ferrex and Porrex*, probably an alteration of the early play of *Gorbudoc*.

1600, April 16th 24th.—Haughton receives thirty shillings in earnest of *The English Fugitives*.

1600, May 6th, [March 6th in H. D.]—Harton receives five shillings in earnest of a book "which he would call" *The Devil and his Dame* (not *Dam* as usually printed). This was published in 1662 as *Grim the Collier of Croydon*. Robbin Goodfellow in this play is in my opinion a caricature of Drayton and Belphegor of Lodge.

1609, May 17th.—Haulton and Pett receive six pounds in full for *Strange News out of Poland*. Of Pett no other dramatic work is known. In 1599 was published *Time's Journey to Seek his daughter Truth* by P. Pett.

1600 May 27th,—Harton receives ten shillings in earnest of *Judas* (*or Indes.*)

All the above were written for the Admirals' men at the Rose: the remainder at the Fortune.

1600, December 20th, 27th, January 4th, 13th.—Harton receives four pounds on account of *Robin Hood's Pen'orths*. The play of *Look about you* was printed in 1600–1 as "lately acted" by the Admiral's men. It should therefore appear in Henslow's *Diary*. It

cannot possibly be identified with any other play than this one. Gloster's statement near the end that he will fire the unchristian Saracens out of Portugal, undoubtedly refers to the then forthcoming play of *The Life of the Humorous Earl of Gloster and his Conquest of Portugal*, (Wadeson's* only known play) which was written in June–July 1601. It is quite possible that *Look about you* was printed in March 1600, immediately after its performance in February; but more likely that, being a surreptitious edition not entered on S. R., the publisher dated it 1600 instead of 1601: a common device in such cases to avoid the payment of the registration fee.

1601, January 29th, February 10th, March 10th.—Haughton and Day receive six pounds in full for the second part of *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.*

1601, April 4th, 11th, May 2nd, 21st, August 5th, 11th, 26th, September 1st.—Day, Haughton and Smith receive six pounds fifteen shillings for *The Conquest of the West Indies.*

1601, May 20th, June 4th, 6th, 8th.—Haughton and Day receive five pounds in full for *Six Yeomen of the West.*

1601, May 21st, July 18th, 25th, 30th.—Haughton and Day receive six pounds in full for the third part of *Thomas Stroud.*

1600, July 4th, 14th, September 31st, [October 1st], November 9th, 29th.—Day and Haughton receive five pounds in full for *Friar Rush and the Proud Woman of Antwerp.*

1601, July 30th, September 3rd, 11th.—Haughton and Day receive four pounds in part payment of the second part of *Thomas Dough*, who was probably a character in one of the last plays in the preceding list.

1601, October 12th–22nd.—Haughton, Hathaway and Smith receive five pounds for *The Six Clothiers*, in part payment: on November 8th five pounds for the second part of the *Six Clothiers*. As this story is the same as that of *The Six Yeomen* all these entries probably refer to the second part of that play.

This is our last notice of "young Harton's" three years' career: a genial, neglected author, whose plays being published anonymously have never received the attention they deserve. Indeed his authorship of them in several instances is now for the first time proved. They ought to be collected and published in a separate volume.

F. G. Fleay.

* *The Widow's Charm* 1602 July 9th, August 26th, September 2nd, 11th, by "Antony the poet" may have been by him.

# NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should, in all cases, follow the Globe edition.*]

## "LAW" IN *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

I cannot agree with my friend Morgan (SHAKESPEARIANA, Oct., 1885, p. 492) that the *Merchant* could not have been written by one acquainted with law. "Single bond" seems to mean "individual bond, or one without sureties," as I have explained it in my edition of the play. The term is used in its popular sense, not in a technical one. It would perhaps be refining overmuch to suppose that Shylock craftily employs it in the latter sense because he wants to make the "condition" appear like none at all — merely the "merry sport" he calls it; as if he had said, "Give me your bond without any condition — at least, none worthy of the name, or to be legally enforced — though for the joke of the thing we will say that I am to have a pound of your flesh if you fail to pay up at the appointed time." I have sometimes been inclined to explain the passage in that way. Observe that, a moment later, Shylock refers to the "condition" as only a nominal one:

> If he should break his day, what should I gain
> By the exaction of the forfeiture?

He implies that he has no intention of exacting it — so the bond is virtually "single," or to be treated as such.

As to the obviously "bad law" in the trial scene, we must bear in mind that Shakespeare took it from the familiar story on which the play was partly founded, and that it was too effective on the stage to be omitted. But it is a significant fact — to me at least, for I believe that no commentator or critic has referred to it — that the dramatist, after using this "bad law" from the old tale, makes Portia go on to say:

> Tarry, Jew;
> *The law hath yet another hold on you.*

namely, on account of his having *sought the life* of Antonio. Note

at what length this is dwelt upon, and how much stress Portia lays upon it. Note also that this is *not in the various forms of the old story*, but is Shakespeare's own addition thereto. I have no doubt that he added it solely because he knew that the original "law" was "bad," and was not willing to rest the case upon it, as a writer unfamiliar with legal matters would naturally have done. He kept the "bad law" for stage effect, but added the "good law" to satisfy his conscience or his sense of justice.

Mr. Morgan is unfair in his treatment of Portia, whose management of the case is in all respects worthy of her head and her heart. An inferior woman, "coached" for the occasion by the learned Bellario, would have been very likely to overdo the part in the endeavor to carry it out successfully and effectively. She would have behaved more like a young pleader in all the pride of his first case in court, who felt that the advice and aid of his experienced senior had ensured his success. But Portia throughout maintains the quiet dignity of a truly great lawyer, who is tempted by no affectation of learning, no display of legal acumen, but states his case clearly, strongly, and briefly. Mrs. Jameson has done her better justice than Mr. Morgan; but the readers of SHAKESPEARIANA do not need that I should quote her familiar tribute to the lady as lawyer and judge.

The court was not "packed against" Shylock. No other dramatist of the time would have allowed a Jew so fair a trial; and in the end he gets more mercy than the strict letter of the law would have granted, and more than he deserved. He *meant murder*, but he got off with half the penalty.

W. J. ROLFE.

CAMBRIDGE.

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## ON THREE PASSAGES IN *2 HENRY IV.*: III, i.

(2) It is a trite observation that Shakespeare's characters are natural men and women, not wooden puppets made to move according to the exigencies of the situation. But it is useful to point out how this naturalness is preserved in minor matters, where it is apt to be overlooked. Where Falstaff after a few words of salutation says, lines 88–9—"Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen—Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?"—Not merely do we see the fat old knight mopping his face and his head, and making his remark about the heat, as such a traveler would, but we see this prefacing in the most natural way his cunning attempt to cheat. He asks for *six* "sufficient men," though the rating of that part of the county as given in Shallow's instructions, and of course in his own, which he bears with him, grant him but four (line 177). Whence arises this apparent slip? It may

be it entered his head on catching a glimpse of the assembled men before he entered the hall, and his seeming mistake would be explainable as an off-hand mode of speech while it was calculatingly made on the chance of obtaining more "let off" money.

(3) There is another passage, which though it has hardly and only insufficiently been noticed, seems to require a stage action that adds much to the effect, much as does Malvolio's partly carried out intent of playing, through habit, with his steward's chain, while, in fancy, he is posing in the dignity of Olivia's husband. Mouldy, bribing Bardolph, says at the end of his speech, line 220,—"You shall have forty, sir." Forty of what? There is no antecedent or explanatory substantive nearer than Bullcalf's "French crown's," and forty four-shilling pieces from a Mouldy is an absurdity. The phrase as it stands unexplained is not even the English of a foreigner, much less the idiomatic phraseology of an Englishman very much in earnest. Is there then an accidental omission, as has been supposed of "forty [shillings]?" It does not, I think, require so unnecessary a supposition, Mouldy puts his hand in his pocket, and drawing out a shilling, or it may be sixpence, slily shows it to Bardolph, thus saying in most eloquent terms—"You shall have forty [of these], sir."

I say "a shilling, or sixpence" because forty sixpences exactly make up, with Bullcalf's "from Harry ten shillings" the three pounds spoken of by Bardolph, line 231, and because Mouldy is not likely to be able to afford as much as did Bullcalf, who, as shown by the names and descriptions of both, was slightly higher in the village social scale. Some, I know, think that Bardolph in his turn kept back some of the money for his private pocket. But this supposition is only founded on the fact that he was a rogue. He knew however his master to be an inquisitive and cunning rogue—who would not bate an ace of his perquisites, he himself was also a cowardly and commonplace rogue who knew he would get his share of the plunder. Hence, though it matters not, I incline to think that a sixpence was exhibited. I have also said "slily" because, though I admit that the sequence of the three speeches of Bullcalf, Mouldy, and Feeble apparently—though by no means necessarily—show that they each saw and heard the speeches and acts of the former, yet I think it more natural that these spoke aside and offered secretly. Mouldy's and Feeble's speeches may merely be due to the inferences they drew from the asides, from Bardolph's outspoken and significant reply—"Go to; stand aside" and for the joyful countenances of the officers. It is true that no stage direction "He speaks apart" is given, but it is notorious that necessary stage directions are often omitted. Moreover Bardolph was himself too experienced a rogue, too wide-awake, and too great a coward to run the chance of an unwilling chosen one saying, even to a Shallow or a Slender "these fellows bribed him to let them off and so he and I are obliged to go."

BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, M.D.

# THE DRAMA.

November and December have been much alike in dramatic matters, and their resemblance to October has been almost distressingly similar. No novelties — save Salvini in *Coriolanus* and Miss Anderson in *Romeo and Juliet* — have been presented, and the record of the plays is just the same as in the earlier month. The only variation has been the revival of *Much Ado About Nothing* by Mr. Lawrence Barrett on Christmas afternoon in Philadelphia. And speaking of Christmas, it is interesting to note the popularity of Shakespeare's plays for the special Christmas performances. No less than nine are recorded in our Dramatic Chronicle, several of which were presented out of the usual programmes of the companies.

The Dramatic Chronicle for November shows that *Romeo and Juliet* has been acted oftener than any other play, having been presented continuously by Miss Mather in New York, and seven times elsewhere by other actresses. *The Comedy of Errors* comes next, Messrs. Robson & Crane having acted without intermission throughout the month. *Hamlet* comes next, having been given nineteen times; then follows *As You Like It* seventeen times, *Richard III* sixteen times, *Othello* nine times, *Macbeth* and *Twelfth Night* seven each, *Merchant of Venice* five, *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar* three times, *King Lear* twice, and *Katharine and Petruchio* once.

Of actors, Miss Mather and Messrs. Robson & Crane lead in the number of performances, but are closely followed by. Mr. T. W Keene, of whom twenty-five performances are recorded. Then come Modjeska and Miss Anderson, with twelve performances each, Edwin Booth and Frederick Warde with seven each, Miss Moore with five, Geo. C. Miln and the Redmund-Barry Co., with four each, Salvini with three, Lawrence Barrett with two, and Jaunauschek, W. E. Sheridan, and the Boston Comedy Co. with one performance each. In addition there was one amateur performance by the Rival Dramatic Club of *Richard III*, and a three weeks' season of *Macbeth* in San Francisco. Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann has acted almost continuously at the Dime Mnseum, and Miss Pomeroy embarked in the same class of entertainment towards the end of the month.

* * *

Philadelphia can boast of having the oldest Shakespeare Club in the country and the only Shakespearian Magazine in the world, and New York can lay claim to the most energetic Club in America, but it almost seemed, in the early part of the season, that Chicago was

the most Shakepearian city on the continent. From the middle of August, up to the end of October, the Chicago theatres have been occupied almost continuously by actors who may justly be called Shakespearian. First came Mr. T. W. Keene, who has enjoyed such a great popularity in the west, and whose style of acting has, with more or less truth, and in a more or less complimentary manner, been considered as peculiarly and characteristically western. His most severe critic, even, deplores this as an incontestible fact, and admits, that, like Aubrey, he is "an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own." This comparison, unkind though it be, is not altogether without its truth. Mr. Keene is undeniably boisterous in many of his parts, and in others he falls much below the standard attained by his contemporaries, but he does his best, and if the result does not always equal that reached by others, we must not be too hard upon him for what is not his own fault. But while, even in Chicago, he did not altogether escape criticism, there was little that was not friendly, and his season of two weeks was the most successful and brilliant one he has had. He had the advantage, and it was not an inconsiderable one, of playing in a new theatre, the Chicago Opera House. The performances themselves were of sufficient merit to fill the house, and Mr. Keene has every reason to be satisfied with his engagement.

Two weeks after Mr. Keene had taken his departure, he was succeeded by Mr. W. Sheridan. This actor had not visited the city for upwards of four years, and his brief stay of one week scarcely permitted a thorough acquaintance with his powers. He made, however, a good impression in his successful interpretation of two such very different characters as King Lear and Louis XI, and while his season cannot be called a brilliant one, it was fair. Then came Robson & Crane, with their wonderful revival of *The Comedy of Errors*. It was a genuine revelation of what careful and painstaking artists can accomplish with a generous expenditure of time and money. The Opera House was crowded at each performance, and the production was a brilliant success, both financially and artistically.

Lawrence Barrett followed. His engagement was in many respects a remarkable one. It was chiefly noteworthy for the non-Shakespearian parts, and in the entire season of three weeks, Shakespeare's plays were given but five times. These were *Hamlet*, which was presented twice and *Julius Cæsar*, given three times. It was in the latter play that Mr. Barrett achieved his greatest success. His Cassius is by far the best of his Shakespearian parts. His Hamlet has many good points, but the Prince of Denmark, with his calm intellectual philosophy does not accord with his temperament as readily as does the nervous irascible Roman. Mr. Barrett's audiences, it must be confessed, were not, at first, numerous, but they increased before his time expired, and he was so well satisfied with the result as to arrange for a season of six weeks in the early part of 1887.

While Mr. Barrett was playing at the Grand Opera House, Mme. Modjeska opened at the Columbia Theatre. She too, like him, adhered more to non-Shakespearian parts than to Shakespearian ones, and during her two weeks' engagement only played *As You Like It* twice, and *Twelfth Night* once. The exquisite grace with which she played Rosalind and Viola would certainly have have permitted a more frequent repetition of the parts. As it was, however, her season was so thoroughly successful, that a return engagement has been arranged for.

Chicgo has, in truth, every reason to flatter herself for the success of her Shakespearian season. It is doubtful if, in so short a time, Shakespeare has been given so frequently in any western city, and it speaks much for the culture of the city that it has been so uniformly successful. T. W. Keene, W. E. Sheridian, Robson & Crane, Lawrence Barrett, and Mme. Modjeska all within a period of ten weeks is a showing of which any city may be more than satisfied.

* * *

The Shakespearian season in Boston has opened brilliantly with Miss Anderson and Signor Salvini. Both have enjoyed large audiences, and if receipts be the criterion, both were eminently successful. Artistically the results have been very different. Miss Anderson is always beautiful, always careful, always does her best, but she cannot always satisfy an exacting critic. Even as Galatea, which has been universally conceded to be her most successful part, she has been criticised as being more a living statue than a living woman, and while the criticism may be too severe, it is not altogether uncalled for. Miss Anderson is nothing if not statuesque, and her most ardent admirer is forced to admit that at times she carries it to extremes. Her Rosalind, notwithstanding, that it was a new part, did not attract as much attention as did her Juliet. As Rosalind, as in other characters, she exhibited the same coldness, the same lack of warmth, of true, live womanhood, as has been so often taken exception to. But her Juliet was eagerly anticipated. It was the part in which she had been best known prior to her departure to Europe, and the public was anxious to see the improvements, the alterations, the new features that her sojourn abroad must have made in her interpretation. On the whole they were disappointed, for Miss Anderson's Juliet is much the same now as it was two years ago when she was last seen here in it. But, after all, there is a very great deal of difference between the criticism to which she is now subjected and that which she has previously received. When she first appeared upon the stage, her wonderful beauty carried all before her. Criticism was at a discount, and few were wise enough to study the artist apart from the beauty. But now, after a lengthy absence, during which we have seen much, and learned much that we had not seen before; points that were not noticeable

previously are sufficiently evident. In a word, the first criticism Miss Anderson met with was friendly criticism, now she receives judicious criticism. The former was, in large measure artificial, the latter is more real, and the results cannot, therefore agree. Yet it must not be inferred that because she is more severely criticised than before, because faults are being found in her style which had never been found before, that her powers of acting have retrograded. On the contrary they have very materially increased, but she is now being assigned her proper rank in the dramatic world. In this connection, it may be added that the scenery and costume used in *Romeo and Juliet* attracted almost as much attention as did Miss Anderson herself. They were, indeed very successful, and the measure of their success may be judged from the fact that hitherto Miss Anderson has thrown everyone and everything so much in the background that all such matters were overlooked.

Signor Salvini's engagement was in every way a success. Interest naturally centered in *Coriolanus*, but his other parts, with their magnificent interpretations, were received with equal enthusiasm. Indeed, Salvini is so overwhelmingly superior to most of the actors now upon the stage, that one constantly finds food for new thought in his familiar interpretations of Othello, of Lear, of Niger, in *The Gladiator*, or of Conrad, in *The Outlaw*. *Coriolanus*, however was the most noteworthy incident of his brief season. It was, without doubt, a brilliant success and exhibited the great actor's genius in a new light and merits the warmest praise. Messrs. Robson & Crane, with their revival of *The Comedy of Errors* followed Salvini at the Boston Theatre, opening on November 14th. Their season has been characterized by the same great success that it has attained in every city to which the popular comedians have taken their gorgeous production.

* * *

Miss Margaret Mather reached her fiftieth performance of Juliet in New York on November 15th; the seventy-sixth will be reached on December 26th, which will also be the young actress's three hundred and twenty-fifth performance of the part, a record that few actresses can lay claim to, and it is doubtful if there has been a similar instance in all the history of the Shakespearian drama. While this particular revival would be noteworthy from the acting alone, it has been so magnificently put upon the stage that a more detailed account of the scenery and the costumes than has been given will not be inappropriate nor without interest.

The opening scene, the Market Place and Bridge of Verona is exceedingly well designed. The Bridge springs from the centre of the stage to the Prince's palace on the right. The river winds to the left, and in the background the domes and towers of the city are

in full view. A special feature in this scene is the street fight between the adherents of the Montagues and the Capulets, in which over a hundred participate, and the effect is surprisingly realistic. The Ball-room scene is the most successful of the series. It is a picture of great beauty. To the right a staircase leads to the musicians' gallery, underneath which a high-backed sofa is placed. The background is closed in by a series of arches supported on columns of varied-colored marble, and the canal is visible in the distance. The arches are continued on the left of the stage, which is also occupied by the elevated and canopied seat of Lord Capulet. Balconies and windows occupy the upper part of the walls. The general tone of the color is light and pleasing, and the effect of the whole, the room crowded with guests, the balcony of musicians, the servants looking down upon the dancers below, with the hundred of tapers lighting up the rich and superb costumes is indescribably fine. Much of the interest of this scene lies in the dance called "Coranto," for which a number of ladies and gentlemen have been specially trained.

In the second act, the wall that surrounds Juliet's garden, and which forms the background when the curtain rises, disappears through the stage after Romeo has climbed it. The garden scene is of great beauty. The balcony is on the left, and through the open windows stream curtains of the richest stuffs. Solitary trees stand in the background, and beyond them a stream winds its way in the distance. The scenes in the next act are remarkable not alone for their beauty, but for the mechanical arrangements whereby they open one into the other. The Tavern, which forms the first scene, is placed upon a street with a fine perspective, and, revolving, shows an alcove in Juliet's garden, with a fountain on the left of the stage, and the house on the right. Then, the canvass of this scene falling in front, the third one, Friar Lawrence's cell and cloister with the lovers kneeling at the altar, is revealed.

The most important scene in the fourth act is Juliet's chamber. It has been prepared with exquisite taste. The room has a high-arched ceiling. The balcony opens on the left, the entrance, which is reached by four steps covered loosely with a black and yellow mottled drugget, is covered with curtains of green satin brocade. At the back, in a recess, is Juliet's bed. A silver white fabric is thrown on it, and a drapery of red and gold is festooned over it. A topaz silk covering is thrown on a sofa in the centre of the room, and the rich effect is heightened by some superb curtains of heavy orange silk. The whole effect is gorgeous in the extreme. The last act opens with a street in Mantua, with the apothecary shop to the left reached by a staircase. The final scene, the churchyard and the tomb of the Capulets, shows the tomb in the centre of the stage, reached by a long flight of steps. The interior of the tomb is exceedingly rich, and is the only part in the entire series to which exception may be taken.

Of the other scenes, the approach to Capulet's palace, the public square in Verona, a room in Capulet's palace, Friar Lawrence's cell, and another room in Capulet's palace, do not call for special mention unless it be the public square in Verona, with which the fourth act opens. On one side is a tavern, on the other an ancient Roman fountain, while in the background a trellis-covered roadway leads along a height from whence the city is viewed as a panorama. The entire scenery was painted by Messrs. William Voegtlin, Hughson Hawley, George Heinaman, and William Shaefer from drawings made by Mr. Alfred Thompson, who designed the entire production. The costumes exhibited the same richness and care as did the scenery. Indeed they were undoubtedly the richest ever seen upon the New York stage. They were all designed with great care by Mr. Thompson who ransacked the British Museum and studied the most noted Italian frescoes for models. The entire production is, as has been before remarked, the most superb ever attempted in this country, and it is doubtful if it has ever been excelled abroad.

* * *

A new Juliet, in the person of a young woman named Bianca appeared under the management of Mr. Garrett W. Owens at the Academy of Music, New York City, on November 19th. It was altogether one of the most surprising performances ever seen in New York, and for the sake of the "legitimate" drama it is to be hoped that the like is never to be seen elsewhere. The star's capability to play her part seemed to be based upon the fact that, like Juliet, she had been born in Florence. She was also a pupil to Mr. Garrett W. Owens; but this fact, as her audience was painfully aware, did not appear to increase her abilities in the least. She had memorized the words of her part, and that is all that can be said in praise of her. She introduced several new features; a song in the balcony scene that had a most disastrous effect upon the orchestra, and in Friar Lawrence's cell a scene was run into her and upset the unhappy damsel in the most unceremonious manner. Her fall in the potion scene was a surprising exhibition of thoughtfulness. The support was, if anything, worse. Tybalt had to be audibly coaxed on to the stage to be dispatched by Mercutio. This latter character was assumed by Mr. Garrett W. Owens himself, and it is doubtful if it has ever been so injudiciously done. The performance, however, was altogether amusing, but it will never be repeated.

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A new prologue to *Othello* by Arnold Krug was performed for the first by the Philharmonic Society at their opening concert on November 14th. It cannot be said that it was altogether successful. A writer in *The Keynote* ably criticizes it as follows: — "It opens lugu-

briously in C minor, with some uninteresting phases in double thirds for clarionets and bassoons interspersed with some *pizzicato* notes for strings leading to a sustained chord of the tonic major, the harp meanwhile executing a series of *arpeggii*, after which the opening bars are repeated. Some broad phases follow for strings in unison, which prepared the way for the Allegro in the same key. The gloomy thoughts of which this introduction is typical now give place to the pangs of jealousy expressed in the opening portion of the movement, which is built on a two-bar syncopated phrase principally for strings, which is repeated *ad nauseum* in its primitive form, in the course of that which does duty for subsequent development wherein, however, occurs one remarkably good series of progressions. The 'Desdemona *motif*' in E flat, first assigned to the oboe is not devoid of interest, although its effect is marred by the wearisome prolixity with which it is forced on the attention, in conjunction with subsidiary contrapuntal material that is not by any means specially noteworthy. After the reappearance of the principal subject, which has been led up to by the prosy use of the opening phrase in different departments of the orchestra, and the exposition of the second theme—this time in A flat—a chromatic chaos, after the manner of Liszt, reigns supreme until the coda in 6–8 is reached, which introduces a new figure for the violin, supported by harmonic phrases for the bass, the work finally closing with the 'Desdemona Subject' in the tonic major."

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John McCullough is to have a monument worthy of a great actor. And it is fitting that he should. He had never, it is true, attained the most exalted rank on the stage, but there were few at this day that surpassed him, and he did much good work in his time. His friends, therefore,—and it is an interesting fact that of the thirty-nine contributors but three, Stuart Robson, James Collier, and William J. Florence, are actors—have resolved to perpetuate his fame by a costly monument. The selected design shows a Roman arch of Nova Scotia granite. Within, on a pedestal of black marble, will be a statue in bronze of McCullough in the character of Virginius, designed by Mr. Henry J. Ellicott. Bronze reliefs, exhibiting Mr. McCullough in his most famous parts, will be placed on the pedestal of the statue. Four flights of steps, of twelve each, will lead to the arches enclosing the statue. A figure of Fame will be placed on the roof of the arch, and the total cost will be nearly $25,000. No name will be placed on the monument, the figure of the great actor in his *rôles* as Virginius, and the reliefs representing his best known parts, being deemed sufficient.

# DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.

## NOVEMBER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nov. 16 | Milwaukee, Wis. | Modjeska. | *Twelfth Night.* |
| 19 | Rockford, Ill. | Modjeska. | *Twelfth Night.* |
| | Grand Rapids, Mich. | T. W. Keene. | *Hamlet.* |
| 20 | Louisiana, Mo. | Geo. C. Miln. | *Hamlet.* |
| | Richmond, Va. | Frederick Warde. | *Richard III.* |
| | Kalamazoo, Mich. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| 23 | Minneapolis, Minn. | T. W. Keene | *Hamlet.* |
| | Fitchburg, Mass. | Redmund-Barry Co. | *Mer. of Venice.* |
| | Louisville, Ky. | Modjeska. | *As You Like It.* |
| 25–30 | Philadelphia, Pa. | Robson & Crane. | *Com. of Errors.* |
| 24 | Lynchburg, Va. | F. B. Warde. | *Richard III.* |
| | Reading, Pa. | W. E. Sheridian. | *King Lear.* |
| | Minneapolis, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Macbeth.* |
| | Worcester, Mass. | Salvini. | *Othello.* |
| | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Edwin Booth. | *Othello.* |
| 25 | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Edwin Booth. | *Hamlet.* |
| | Milford, Mass. | Redmund-Barry Co. | *Mer. of Venice.* |
| | Minneapolis, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Macbeth.* |
| | Boston, Mass. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| 26 | Boston, Mass. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Minneapolis, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| | Louisville, Ky. | Modjeska. | *Twelfth Night.* |
| | Galveston, Texas. | Adelaide Moore. | *As You Like It.* |
| 27 | Galveston, Texas. | Adelaide Moore. | *Romeo & Juliet.* |
| | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Edwin Booth. | *Macbeth.* |
| | Raleigh, N. C. | F. B. Warde. | *Richard III.* |
| | Minneapolis, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| 28 | Boston, Mass. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | New Haven, Conn. | Redmund-Barry Co. | *Mer. of Venice.* |
| | Louisville, Ky. | Modjeska. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Minneapolis, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Hamlet.* |
| | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Edwin Booth. | *Hamlet.* / *Kat. & Pet.* |
| | Cleveland, Ohio. | Lawrence Barrett. | *Hamlet.* |
| 30 | St. Paul, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| | Natick, Mass. | Boston Comedy Co. | *Mer. of Venice.* |
| | Cincinnati, Ohio. | Modjeska. | *As You Like It.* |
| | San Antonio, Texas. | Adelaide Moore. | *As You Like It.* |
| 30 | Boston, Mass. | Mary Anderson. | *Romeo & Juliet.* |
| 1–5 | Philadelphia, Pa. | Robson & Crane. | *Com. of Errors.* |
| 1–5 | Boston, Mass. | Mary Anderson. | *Romeo & Juliet.* |

DECEMBER.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dec. 1 | Boston, Mass. | Salvini. | *Othello.* |
| | St. Paul, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Macbeth.* |
| 1–31 | New York City. | Margaret Mather. | *Romeo & Juliet.* |
| 2 | St. Paul, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Othello.* |
| 3 | Boston, Mass. | Salvini. | *Coriolanus.* |
| | Fort Worth, Texas. | Adelaide Moore. | *As You Like It.* |
| 5 | St. Paul, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| 4 | Wichita, Kas. | Jaunauschek. | *Macbeth.* |
| | Marshall, Texas. | Adelaide Moore. | *As You Like It.* / *Romeo & Juliet.* |
| | St. Paul, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Merchant of Venice.* |
| | Boston, Mass. | Salvini. | *Coriolanus.* |
| | Austin, Texas. | Adelaide Moore. | *As You Like It.* |
| | St. Paul, Minn. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| | Cincinnati, Ohio. | Modjeska. | *Twelfth Night.* |
| 7 | Atlanta, Ga. | Geo. C. Miln. | *Hamlet.* |
| | Indianapolis, Ind. | Modjeska. | *As You Like It.* |
| 7 | Milwaukee, Wis. | T. W. Keene. | *Hamlet.* |
| 8 | Milwaukee, Wis. | T. W. Keene. | *Macbeth.* |
| | Boston, Mass. | Salvini. | *King Lear.* |
| | Indianapolis, Ind. | Modjeska. | *Twelfth Night.* |
| | Atlanta, Ga. | Geo. C. Miln. | *Macbeth.* |
| 9 | Fort Scott, Kas. | Jaunauschek. | *Macbeth.* |
| | Americus, Fla. | Geo. C. Miln. | *Hamlet.* |
| | Milwaukee, Wis. | T. W. Keene, | *Richard III.* |
| | Boston, Mass. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| 10 | Boston, Mass. | Salvini. | *Coriolanus.* |
| | Detroit, Mich. | Modjeska. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Milwaukee, Wis. | T. W. Keene. | *Othello.* |
| | Columbus, Ga. | F. B. Warde. | *Richard III.* |
| 11 | Boston, Mass. | Salvini. | *Coriolanus.* |
| | Boston, Mass. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Sedalia, Mo. | Jaunauschek. | *Macbeth.* |
| | Jacksonville, Fla. | Geo. C. Miln. | *Hamlet.* |
| | Milwaukee, Wis. | T. W. Keene. | *Mer. of Venice.* |
| 12 | Milwaukee, Wis. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| | Detroit, Mich. | Modjeska. | *Twelfth Night.* |
| | Little Rock, Ark. | Adelaide Moore. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Vicksburg, Miss. | F. B. Warde. | *Richard III.* |
| | Wheeling, W. Va. | W. E. Sheridan. | *Mer. of Venice.* |
| | Oshkosh, Wis. | T. W. Keene. | *Macbeth.* |
| | Providence, R. I. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| 24–31 | Boston, Mass. | Robson & Crane. | *Com. of Errors.* |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 15 | Madison, Wis. | T. W. Keene. | *Hamlet.* |
| | New Haven, Conn. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Philadelphia, Pa. | Salvini. | *Coriolanus.* |
| | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Kemble Dram. Club. | *Merry Wives.* |
| | Hartford, Conn. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | La Crosse, Wis. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| 17 | Philadelphia, Pa. | Salvini. | *Coriolanus.* |
| | Worcester, Mass. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Dubuque, Iowa. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| 18 | Philadelphia, Pa. | Salvini. | *Coriolanus.* |
| | Syracuse, N. Y. | Lawrence Barrett. | *Julius Cæsar.* |
| | Cedar Rapids, Iowa, | T. W. Keene. | *Othello.* |
| | Springfield, N. Y. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| 19 | Troy, N. Y. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Baltimore, Md. | Modjeska. | *Twelfth Night.* |
| | Philadelphia, Pa. | Salvini. | *Coriolanus.* |
| | Cedar Rapids, Iowa. | T. W. Keene. | *Hamlet.* |
| 21 | Charleston, S. C. | Geo. C. Miln. | *Hamlet.* |
| 22 | Peoria, Ill. | T. W. Keene. | *Hamlet.* |
| | Oil City, Pa. | W. E. Sheridan. | *Othello.* |
| | Evansville, Ind. | Adelaide Moore. | *As You Like It.* |
| 23 | Peoria, Ill. | T. W. Keene. | *Mer. of Venice.* |
| | Canandaigua, N. Y. | Helen Bancroft. | *Romeo & Juliet.* |
| | Buffalo, N. Y. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like I.* |
| 24 | Syracuse, N. Y. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Des Moines, Iowa. | T. W. Keene. | *Richard III.* |
| 25 | Wilmington, S. C. | Geo. C. Miln. | *Hamlet.* |
| | Philadelphia, Pa. | Lawrence Barrett. | *Much Ado.* |
| | Hartford, Conn. | Modjeska. | *Twelfth Night.* |
| | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Salvini. | *Coriolanus.* |
| | Milford, Mass. | Claire-Scott Co. | *Macbeth.* |
| | Utica, N. Y. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Des Moines, Iowa. | T. W. Keene. | *Othello.* / *Richard III.* |
| 26 | Lancaster, Pa. | Louise Pomeroy. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Lancaster, Pa. | Louise Pomeroy. | *Hamlet.* |
| | Albany, N. Y. | Mary Anderson. | *As You Like It.* |
| | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Salvini. | *Othello.* |
| | Des Moines, Iowa. | T. W. Keene. | *Hamlet.* / *Macbeth.* |
| 28 | Quincy, Ill. | Adelaide Moore. | *Romeo & Juliet.* |

# MISCELLANY.

Prof. F. J. Child, of Harvard, will read *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Henry V*, and possibly *Twelfth Night*, with his classes this year. Last year the course consisted of *King Lear*, *Macbeth* 1 and 2, *Henry IV*, *Julius Cæsar*, *All's Well that ends Well*, and *The Tempest*.

The London *Graphic* of October 24th contains several views of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon, showing where the proposed alterations and restorations will be made. It states, in addition, that four thousand pounds have been raised for the purpose, of which one thousand has been contributed by C. E. Flower, Esq.

Mr. Appleton Morgan reviews some of the latest theories in regard to the Sonnets in an article entitled "Much Ado About Sonnets" in *The Catholic World* for November. He remarks, first, on the extreme inequality of the Sonnets themselves, and asks if any other reason than their poetic form can be assigned for their having been bound up together. In the second place, he thinks "the student of these sonnets would very quickly become satisfied that they are not either autobiographical of their authors or biographical of anybody else." He does not, however, put forth a theory of his own, but concludes as follows: — "We may open William Shakespeare's grave. We may find the inventory of all the world's goods of which he died possessed — the catalogue of his library, the disposition of his first-best bed. We may even dispose for ever the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. But neither with any nor with all of these may we lay the question as to what these sonnets mean. That catena will go on for ever! As to every other human tangle there is somebody somewhere to be subpœnaed. We can dive to find the submerged Atlantis; trace the successors of the lost tribes; supply the matter of the stolen books of Livy; we can import experts from Siam to testify as to the color of white elephants; but the sonnets will yet and for ever remain Sibylline leaves. As to the thread that will tie these together neither ghost nor Daniel shall ever rise to dispose."

The author takes altogether too gloomy a view of this very intricate problem. It is only too true that many unsatisfactory and useless attempts to decipher hidden meanings in the Sonnets. It is true that up to the present time no solution, no explanation, no interpretation has been proposed that has met with even tolerable support. But it is certainly too much to say that they can never be interpreted. Human ingenuity has supplied much information, devised many contrivances, made many discoveries that only a short time previous to their being made known, and it is a very unsafe thing to place arbitrary limits to the powers of human advancement.

The *New York Mirror* of November 14th, is accompanied by a superb chromo-lithograph representing the ball-room scene in Mr. J. M. Hill's gorgeous revival of *Romeo and Juliet.* It is an excellent reproduction of one of the most splendid scenes ever seen upon the stage, and forms a pleasing and valuable souvenir of this great revival.

*The Cornhill Magazine* for October contains an interesting article on "Lear's Fool." The author alludes to the constant misrepresentation that the fools of Shakespeare have been subjected to until they were finally omitted altogether from the acting versions of the plays. He then traces the reinstatement of Lear's Fool by Macready, until, at present, he is regararded as an integral part of the play, Lear without him loses half the force; he is Lear's Fool from the beginning to the end. The author does not think he was a boy, as did Macready, but maintains that he was a full-grown man, as King's jesters usually were. Had the Fool been present in the first scene he might have marred the whole plot of the play; his bitter taunts might have stopped Lear on the brink of the act of dividing the kingdoms. In the storm scene of the third Act, the sight of his poor shivering Fool is the only thing that moves the old King to take shelter. The presence and influence of the Fool in each scene of the play is admirably traced by the writer, who insists on the importance of the part. His reward, he concludes, was that of being the earliest of those loving storm-tossed souls to gain that rest denied them here, and find his peace "in another and a better world." The paper is one that will richly repay reading.

The Chicago *Current* has been making manful efforts to prove the genuineness of Mr. Gunther's much-talked of alleged autograph of Shakespeare. As far back as the 23rd of May it published an elaborate article on the subject, with facsimiles. Lately it has taken new interest in the matter, and the issues for October 24th and November 21st both contain editorial comments on it. The question of authenticity, of course, depends in some degree, upon the authenticity of the autograph of the Rev. John Ward, who was Vicar of Stratford beginning forty-six years after Shakespeare's death, and whose autograph is alleged to be on the fly-leaf of the volume. The supposed signature of Shakespeare, written in full, "William Shakespeare," is on a strip of paper pasted above the signature of Mr. Ward. On this the *Current* remarks, "If Ward wrote the Ward inscription, and if the autograph slip be of paper of Ward's time, then, whether Shakespeare wrote his name on it or not, the folio is doubtless worth $50,000 or more, because the probability of the poet's signature being authentic is enough for the generality of mankind—at least till a Ward folio shall appear with a slip written 'W. Shakespeare' instead of 'William' in full, according to the traditions first printed in 1839." The *Current* must

have a peculiar view of the gullability of mankind if it supposes that any such probability as it proposes would be at all satisfactory to any one. While pieces of paper were not so plentiful in Shakespeare's day as they are at present, Shakespeare's signature has come down to us on so few that the probability of one turning up in Utah two hundred and seventy-nine years after his death is very small indeed. The truth is, that while, of course, if the autograph is genuine it must be of Shakespeare's time, the main question to determine, the only one, in fact, is its pedigree; and all the time and labor spent on determining the date of the manufacture of the paper will be valueless while the pedigree is unknown or unsatisfactory. And yet *The Current* does not think this half so important as the necessity of passing upon the character of the Ward inscription. Its chain of title, it admits, can never be ascertained.

In its issue of November 21st *The Current* reverts to the subject again, this time to argue that as the condition of the book shows it could not have been rebound within the last century, it would "seem to prove beyond all reasonable doubt that the inscription on the fly-leaf, signed 'Jno. Ward,' was made prior to the year 1781, and any who may be disposed to think it a forgery will be compelled to admit that it is not a *modern* forgery at least." This is by no means so certain as *The Current* would have us suppose, for some of the most successful forgeries have been what it would probably designate as modern, and when one considers the enormous profit at stake, it may be accepted as certain that if it is a forgery, no stone would have been left unturned to make it a successful one. There can be no doubt but that Mr. Gunther entertains a thorough belief in its genuineness, but it is an open question whether he may not have been imposed upon himself. It must, however, be a satisfaction to all Shakespearians to know that the subject is being investigated by a committee of the Shakespeare Society of New York, and nothing definite can be said on either side until it has been made public. The standing of the Society and of the members of the committee leave no doubt of the thoroughness of the investigation.

Mr. Gunther visited England this summer and carried his precious volume with him. It is a pity that while there he did not visit Mr. J. O. Haliwell-Phillipps, whose exhaustive studies would have rendered his opinion of the autograph of great value. In a letter dated November 2nd, however, he says: "I have seen nothing of Mr. Gunther or the Ward-Shakespeare autograph. If the latter has arrived in England, let us hope that we shall have the opinion of our best judges, the experts at the British Museum, on the matter. So far from believing in its genuineness, the circumstances of the discovery are shady and point the other way." And with this opinion every one who has studied the subject dispassionately must agree.

# NATURE'S LIMIT OF HUMAN LIFE.

The advance of human civilization has brought with it better habitations, better clothing, and better food. Instead of only the flesh of animals, the product of the chase, varied by the use of nuts and wild fruit, in limited and fitful supplies, the commerce of modern times places on many tables a variety gathered from every land. A list of the articles on almost any table in Philadelphia, at mealtime, with the countries from which they have been gathered, will aptly illustrate this. Instead of the skins of animals, dressed with the hair or fur on, men and women are costumed in such a variety of fabrics that their enumeration would make a still longer list than the articles of food on their tables. And a comparison by any family in Philadelphia of the house in which they live, and its conveniences, with the abode of ancestors of a few centuries back, with its lack of conveniences, would be an exceedingly interesting subject for thought. These changes in methods of living explain how, in recent years, scientific men have been enabled to announce that there has been a large advance in the duration of human life. They state that within the present century the average has increased from about twenty-six to about thirty-six years. In the columns of a Philadelphia daily newspaper every week there is a list of persons who have attained to over fourscore years. To many the ambition to live long is very dear. And with the advantages for personal care there seems to be no reason why that ambition may not be gratified. With means at hand, also to avoid or to overcome the diseases which have done so much to undermine and to weaken the body, the reasons for no longer life are multiplied. In the correspondence of several men and women who have reached a good old age, we have found statements of the means by which their lives have been prolonged, and we have gathered some extracts from a few of these letters and give them herewith:

"I cordially indorse your Compound Oxygen for sciatica. It is now nearly a year since I stooped using it, and have not had a pain since. It has almost made a new man of me at nearly threescore years and ten."—*From a gentleman of Norwalk, Ohio.*

"I am a feeling very well. The dropsy left me my legs are now all right. The swelling has all gone down. Your Compound Oxygen saved my life and cured me. I will be eighty-two years old the fifth day of November next."—*Aaron Sturges, Southport, Conn.*

"I have steadily improved. I have renewed my age ten years or more."—*A lady of Lawrence, Mass.*

Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, M. C. from Philadelphia, gives to Compound Oxygen the credit of prolonging his life until he has become the "Father of the House of Representatives." He has, in a letter to Drs. Starkey & Palen, made the following statement:

"In the early summer of 1873, a hereditary catarrh had become so bad that my breathing was a mere panting for breath. A mere breath, a sneeze, or a sigh caused such a severe pain at the base of the left lung that I felt it necessary to close up my affairs. I believe I should not have lived sixty days had I not found some potent curative. I was prejudiced against Compound Oxygen, but, seeing that it could not make me any worse, and as medical treatment had utterly failed to meet my case, in very desperation I concluded to try it. After a thorough examination, Dr. Starkey, to whom I was then a stranger, said: 'Sir, I have no medicine for your disease, but, if you will give me time, I think I can cure you.'

"My response was a natural one: 'You are frank in saying you have no medicine for either form of my disease, and yet you propose to cure me. By what agency will you work this miracle?' 'The Oxygen Gas,' said he, 'is not a medicine. It has none of the characteristics of medicines compounded of drugs. These create a requirement for continual increase of quantity to be taken; and, if long persisted in, produce some form of disease. But Compound Oxygen produces no appetite for itself. It passes, by inhalation, into the blood, and purifies and invigorates it. The system is thus enabled to throw off effete matter. You will find by experience, if you try the Treatment, that it will not increase the rapidity of your pulse, though the beating will be stronger under its influence.

"This explanation removed my objections, and I could see how such an agent could operate beneficially in cases of a widely different character. At the end of three weeks' Treatment I was able to report an improved appetite, and the ability to sleep several consecutive hours, with a measurable relief of the pain in the lung.

"I am now more than twelve years older than I was when I first tested Compound Oxygen. I have had no perceptible effusion of blood for more than eight years. I breathe as deeply as I did at any period of my young manhood, and my natural carriage is so erect as to elicit frequent comment.

"I have the highest confidence not only in the Treatment itself, but in Drs. Starkey & Palen as gentlemen of skill and integrity."

In 1870, a gentleman living in Philadelphia, suffering from disease of the heart, was treated with Compound Oxygen, and entirely restored to a good condition of health. With this relief from heart trouble came relief also from corpulency, his weight decreasing from one hundred and ninety-eight pounds to about one hundred and sixty. (His case appears on page seventy-eight of "Compound Oxygen; Its Mode of Action and Results," a brochure published by Doctors Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, which they send freely to all applicants.) A few years after being treated for and cured of heart disease, he also tried Compound Oxygen for relief to his eyesight. Although, at the time of beginning, he supposed himself to be suffering from cataract, and expected to undergo an operation by an oculist, for which he had arranged, he was in a short time so far recovered as to be able to read with comfort quite fine print without glasses. When asked whether he experienced the sensations of which a few speak, during the inhalations, he said, "Oh! yes, and I felt as though I hadn't a poor relation in the world." This gentleman is Mr. L. O. Howell, still living, in good health, enjoying a serene old age (in his eighty-fourth year), at No. 651 North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia. Friendship for the physicians and gratitude for health and life prolonged lead him now to allow the use of his name as a reference.

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